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Poetry.

For the Blade.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

BY G. B. P.

Upon the field of Shiloh an ear of corn I found,
Beside a poor dead soldier, half buried in the ground;
His blood was sprinkled on it, a pool of gore stood near,
And his long, white, stiffening fingers had almost touched the ear.

Around and all about it was the harvest of the slain;
How strange to find among it this little ear of grain!
The blue coats and the gray ones beside each other lay
In sleep almost fraternal, their warring souls passed away;
Hushed were the shouts of victory; a silence deep and dread
Hung, like a solemn mantle, above the sleeping dead;
Stretched on the field of carnage, the strife and tumult o'er,
Our brothers and our children, will they rise again no more?

My heart was rent with anguish and I cried aloud to God,
Oh! grant this cruel sowing may yield some fruit for good;
The evil birds were swooping above the gory fields;
Their dusky pinions swept me as I stooped to lift the grain,
And I left the field of glory, a scene of death and blood,
Folding it in my bosom, emblem of life revealed;
Back on the blue Ohio I sought my peaceful home,
Where never sound of battle with jarring note had come,
And 'mid the stirring stories of many a following day
My relic was forgotten as soon as laid away.

But when the war was over, one lovely morn in spring,
I drew it from its hiding, the blood-stained, precious thing,
And called my eldest darling, "Come here, my boy," I said,
"This seed of life once slumbered amid our honored dead;
We will search where we are planting, the richest spot and best,
And raise a crop whose value shall rival all the rest,
And when the grain is gathered, will garner it for God;
'Twill be a holy harvest, for 'tis wet with patriot blood.

So, deep we plowed the furrow and dropped the tiny grains
In graves so like our heros' on Shiloh's far-off plains;
We gave them earnest culture and weary weeks of toil,
Until, by fond endeavor, we drew them from the soil,
And they rose, a noble phalanx, with banners green and fair,
Upon our Nation's birthday unfurling to the air.

The drumming of the insects, the cricket's shrilly fife;
The joyful hum of labor—the victor notes of life—
Made music to their marching as high each tossed his head
As if to tell how honor is found in finding bread,
And on each emerald bosom a precious sheaf was borne
A trophy of his conquest, a golden ear of corn.
We garnered it with reverence, to harvest for our dead,
And exchanged the gold of nature for the shining gold of trade,
And waited for some token, a message from on high,
For we knew the God of battles had given us victory,
And to Him belonged the fruitage, of warfare and of peace,
And we laid all on His altar, and looked to Him for grace.

One day some good Evangels, came asking at our door
For the children of good soldiers, the orphans of the war,
A free-will gift of mercy an offering at our hand,
To provide for them asylums o'er all our stricken land;
So with joyful haste we brought it, our little golden hoard,
With many a benediction of loving thought and word,
And the blue eyes of my darling with pitying tears were dim,
And mine were almost blinded as they sadly fell on him,
For I thought of all the parents throughout our grieving land,
Who had left their hearts' best treasure buried deep in Shiloh's sand;
And I prayed, O, loving father, though they cannot not back again,
Give each the golden harvest, Heaven's bliss for human pain.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

For the Blade.

THE PARTING.

BY MOSS ROSS.

A woman sat in robes of white,
A woman pure and true,
Where fell the young moon's fading light,
'Mid roses damp with dew.

And she was young and wildly fair,
And bright as artist's dreams,
The fairy being sitting there,
Where fell the moon's pale beams.

She sat in silence and alone,
A step rang on her ear,
A bitter parting she had known,
And yet she shed no tear.

Within the vine wreathed Summer bower,
At twilight they had met,
And he was gone, how dark the hour,
Her life-sun there had set.

And they had loved so long and well,
In childhood's sunny hours,
Had played where laughing sunlight fell,
Amid the Summer flowers.

And they were plighted in their youth,
'Neath morning's holy light,
Also for sacred love and truth,
They parted there that night.

And hope and light from life had gone,
The night grew dark and deep,
And still and fleet the hours passed on,
O, did the fair one sleep?

And when the midnight hour had come,
Beneath the clouded sky,
She sat with white lips still and dumb,
From which escaped no sigh.

And when the pearly light of morn,
Came through the eastern gate,
When busy-handed day was born,
Did she s ill watch and wait?

With smile and song one went that way,
When fair-haired morn had fled,
When shone the sun's gind golden ray,
Above the dainty head.

And find a cold, unsmiling thing,
With silly folded hands,
White as the mystic flowers that spring,
In far-off holy lands.

And thus to one the sorely tried,
The dark-eyed angel came,
And thrust the cup of life aside,
So full of grief and shame.

We laid her in a lonely nook,
Low in the churchyard green,
Where golden day could scarcely look,
The matted leaves between.

'Tis pity love should barb the dart,
And strike the cruel blow,
Why should the loved and loving part
In dark and tearless woe!

The same dark story, ages old,
Oft told in days gone by,
The man had sold himself for gold,
Stifling the heart's wild cry.

Our Story Teller.

Written Expressly for the Blade.

COURT AND CAMP;

OR

The Days of "Good Queen Anne."

BY ERNEST WARREN.

Author of "Throne and Scaffold," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

KNIGHTS ERRANT.

With the early morning sun glinting across the stubble fields, and lending a golden hue to the varied tints of the Autumn foliage, Ned Charteris and his friend Masham rode away from the old Manor House of Hatfield Peveril. But few and scant were the phrases interchanged betwixt them, for each had much to occupy his thoughts.

Across the fields and through bye-lands, with the arching trees meeting overhead, they wended their way, and it was not till they reached a small knoll, which, owing to the flat land on either side, offered an uninterrupted view across the fields and pastures of the Manor, that Charteris reined in his horse to look for the last time upon the home which had been his but was now another's.

"Farewell old walls," he cried, waving his hand toward the picturesque gables of the roof he had just quitted, "farewell. I have no business to lament like a woman for what I could not hold as a man, but in turning my back upon you, I sever the last link which binds me to England. I go to seek a fortune in foreign lands, to carve a new life with my sword, and should heaven will that I should ever return to these shores, ill or well, rich or poor, my first visit shall be to this spot, even though a stranger lives between the roof which should be mine, and others till the soil that was my heritage—come Masham, let us hence, with all speed, for the sight of the old place unmans me. Ah had she but been faithful to her promise!"

"Nay Ned, if thou wilt mourn the false fair one, 'tis right well we should put spurs to our steeds and away. Thou knowest well how lightly I hold that masked dame and her jesting words. Give them no thought. Such prankish women should find no place even in thy remembrance.

"Thou art right—thou are right," rejoined Charteris gloomily, and he touched the horse he bestrode with the spur, and the two young men side by side, cantered for awhile in silence down the narrow lane.

"And yet," resumed Ned, after a while, breaking the silence; "and yet, I cannot drive her image wholly from my heart—would that I could, for I think with thee, Masham, that I was a fool to lend my ear to her soft promises, but hadst thou seen her, hadst thou heard her voice, hadst thou noted the tremor as she spake, as if—if—I were not altogether indifferent to her."

"I faith, man, if thou wilt be in love with a shadow, deuce take me if I can converse with thee longer on the matter. A light word from a light woman, is but a light matter, and——"

"No—no, Masham, by mine honor 'twas no light woman."

"Be it so," replied Masham, with a shrug of his shoulders, "so that thou dost not let this will-o'-the-wisp lead thee astray in its pursuit, I will allow thy fair unknown possession of all the virtues and graces beneath the sun. So that thou wilt think of her but as a fair vision seen in a dream, heaven forbid that I should grudge thee the pleasure of worshipping this paragon of perfection in a vizard."

"'Tis strange how the memory haunts me," said Charteris, speaking rather to himself than to his companion.

"Ah! ha! I warrant me some round-faced Dutch *frauw*, with red cheeks and flaxen hair, will drive the memory into the limbo of forgotten loves ere thou hast been a week at the Hague. Is it not to the Hague that thou wilt go, my friend?"

"Wherever there be fighting, thither will I bend my steps. I ask for no better lot than sword in hand to fall with my face to the foe, in the moment of victory."

"Adslife, my dear Ned, thou art hipped and in sad plight this morning. Ask rather to return unscathed, with sword in scabbard, a Colonel at the very least, to be received by Her Most Gracious Majesty at St. James', and thanked for your noble services. Would to heaven I could go with thee. The strife of warfare is more to my taste, than the petty imbroglios of Court intrigue, but as thou knowest, I dare not be, where a summons will not find me in London within four and twenty hours. Make you for the hague, that is my counsel. There you will find others like yourself, gentlemen of fortune, who have spent their last shilling, and who desire naught better than to share in the victories of his Grace of Marlborough. I will give thee letters which may stand thee in good stead, and, my dear old friend, Ned, do not scruple to let me be thy banker, so far as the little gold about me will go. Nay, man! nay! never color as if I had asked thee to do a dishonorable act."

"I cannot take thy money," said Charteris.

"Nay then, thou art defrauding the Queen of thy services," replied Masham, laughingly, "for as I live and hope to do so this many a day, thou wilt starve to death, ere the enemy get their chance to make a target of thy body. Tush man! thou shalt repay me when thou comest home, crowned with laurels, say no more, for I will not be denied."

With these words he thrust a purse into Ned's hand, and drowned the faltering thanks, with which his generosity was received, by breaking forth into a gay song; the burthen of which rang

"if she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

The two companions had by this time reached the limit of the narrow lane, and turning into the main road, though it was but a sorry thoroughfare at the best, pressed forward in the direction of Colchester, hoping by good fortune to reach Harwich before nightfall.

After following its course across the country, a plowman, whom they encountered, advised them to shorten a portion of their journey, by taking a bridle path through a sombre wood, by which route a considerable distance would be saved, and acting upon this advice they turned aside and found the track good and well defined, while the shade of the overarching trees was most grateful, now that the sun had risen high in the heavens, and was like to render traveling arduous.

It was all in vain that Masham did his utmost to enliven his friend by dainty court gossip, and the histories of the latest palace scandals, for Ned answered him at random, and let his thoughts wander at their own will, away far away—whither?

If the truth must be told, it was back to the usurer's house at Lambeth, back to the graceful figure, back to the gentle voice, which had entranced him, till suddenly he reined in his horse so violently, as to throw him upon his haunches.

Listen, "he cried," what was that? Did'st thou not hear a voice—a woman's voice?

Masham brought his steed to a halt, and the two listened intently, but the only sound which reached their attentive ears, was the song of the forest birds, and the buzzing of the insects skimming to and fro in the warm Autumn air.

"Thou art haunted by a woman's voice," said Masham somewhat impatiently, "Dost thou expect to find thy divinity, like a dryad amongst the trees?"

"Hush! There it is again."

Then away in the depths of the forest glades, there sounded the faint appealing cry of a woman, who in feeble accents called for help.

"There is some one in distress yonder," cried Charteris excitedly, "Oh, Heaven! if it should be she."

"The lover thinks there is but one woman in the world," cried Masham surlily, but nevertheless he lost no time in following Ned's example, and putting his horse at a fallen tree which seemed to bar the entrance to the narrow glade, he galloped after Charteris, who was speeding in reckless haste in the direction whence the appeal for help would seem to have proceeded. Charteris was several lengths in front, and rode madly, regardless of the dangers of low overhanging tree boughs, and pitfalls of mole hills, and rabbit holes, shouting words of encouragment now and again, which were faintly answered in a female voice.

When at last Masham proceeding more wearily, turned the bend in the bridle track, he found himself in a circular space, carpeted with the softest turf completely surrounded by tall forest trees, which, with the undergrowth of brushwood, thickly hemmed in the area, save on the side where the narrow circuitous green track gave access to the spot, which by its appearance, nature might have intended for a fairy palace.

Charteris had dismounted from his horse, hitching him to a branch, and was kneeling on the turf, supporting with his arm the slender form of a young girl pale, wan, and half-fainting with terror.

"Ads life!" muttered Masham; "'tis a pleasing adventure surely, but 'till stop our reaching Harwich before nightfall. Did ever two such Knight errants rescue a wandering damsel in distress from such a plight?"

"She has fainted," cried Ned, signing to his friend to come to his assistance. "Help me with her."

"What in the devil's name, brought her to this spot alone? Is she wounded? Is she hurt?"

"Methinks no further injury, than a sup of wine and needful rest will put right."

"And is this, in truth thy mystic maiden of the mask?" asked Masham laughingly.

"No, no, no, man! Hast thou no eyes? cans't thou not see this is a damsel of low degree?"

"I crave thy pardon," laughed Masham, "I forgot thy beauty was at the very least of the blood royal."

"A truce to jesting. Come Masham, we must put her on one of the horses and take her somewhere, that she may be well attended to. She hath met with some sore mishap, it fears me."

"Then hath she told thee naught?"

"Not one syllable. As I rode in, she was standing as one distraught, her arms wabing wildly in the air, her eyes dilated, her lips parted to give utterance to those agonized appeals for help, which first attracted our attention. A moment sufficed to take me to her side, she gazed into my face a moment, like one who had not the right use of her senses, and then with a long, low hysterical sob, fell backwards upon the turf, ere I had time to save her. And now you know all that I have to tell."

"By King Arthur and all his knights," said Mesham, "we are in for a romantic adventure whether we will or no. It would be worse than curlish to leave her here even though we sent her assistance from the first village we reached, so come friend Ned thy horse methinks, is a better weight carrier than mine, besides thou shalt have the credit of the adventure, so prithee mount thy steed and take her in front of thee, and we will make the best of our way to the nearest town, which methinks should be within a mile from the time we quit this forest."

So said, so done, and Ned Charteris, carefully supporting his burthen who remained in a deep swoon, checked his horse's pace to an easy walk, as he threaded his way in and out amongst the moss covered tree trunks and tangled undergrowth, from which the rabbits scudded right and left in timorous fear.

Proceeding thus at a foot pace, it took the better part of an hour to pass through the forest, but no sooner were they clear of the shadow of the overarching trees than from a slight elevation they saw lying beneath them in a hollow, a Village of some considerable size, towards which they made their way as fast as the circumstances would permit. It was not until they were within musket shot of the first house that the girl feebly moved, a taint sigh escaped her lips,, her eyes slowly opened and, as they rested upon the features of Ned Charteris bending anxiously over her, the ruddy color tinged the cheeks, which till then had been ashy pale.

"See, see!" cried Ned; "she revives. At all events our trouble has not been in vain. Ho! Landlord, send hither thy wife, or daughter, or whatever womankind thou hast at home, for there is a maiden here who needs their help."

"Aye," said Masham, "and as the fates have directed our steps to a place where food is to be had for the asking and wine for the paying, what say you to a meal before we resume our journey?"

In less than half an hour the two friends were sitting facing each other with a chine between them, and a flask of canary within easy reach.

An all but sleepless night, and a long ride beneath a hot sun, coupled with the excitement and adventures of the road, had given them such appetites that they had but little inclination to talk, till their hungar was appeased, but then leaning back, each one in his chair, while their horses were being resaddled, it was but natural the conversation should turn upon the rescue of the unfortunate girl, whose misfortunes were still unknown to them.

It was even while they somewhat lazily speculated upon what mischance had placed her in the sad predicament in which they had found her, that the buxom landlady of the inn, rubicund and smiling came to the door, and with many a bob and curtesy, informed them, that "the young lady" was now sufficiently recovered to talk, and earnestly begged that her preservers would not depart until she had personally thanked them for their generous services.

Ned Charteris sprang eagerly to his feet, while Masham rose more leisurely from his seat, and with a shrug of his shoulders, followed the landlady to an inner chamber, whither the poor girl had been removed.

She came to meet them with tears of gratitude in her eyes, and with modest mein. Her first words sufficed to convince Charteris, that she was not his fair unknown, and it was with little more patience than Masham, that having made this discovery he listened to her reiterated thanks.

Her story was brief. She had been the preceeding night, traveling with her mistress (thus she expressed it), into Essex, when the carriage was stopped by a highwayman, who having robbed them of their money, caught her in his arms, placed her before him on his horse, and galloped away with her into the forest, but fast though he had ridden, those who had desired his capture, were on his track, and barely had he dismounted, and bade the trembling maiden welcome to his greenwood home, when the noise of his pursuers startled him from his hopes of rest and happiness.

Springing once more into the saddle, he consulted his own safety, by immediate flight, leaving the girl in the center of the forest, with naught but the black night, and the moaning of the wind amongst the tree boughs for companionship. Here she had remained, till her timely rescue by Charteris.

"Ah gentlemen," cried she, as she came to the conclusion of her story, "I know not what has become of my poor mistress. It misdoubts me that she hath never reached her journey's end."

"Whither were you bound?" asked Charteris again, a wild hope springing in his breast, that he might learn some news of his incognita.

"To Hatfield Peveril" replied the girl.

"Hatfield Peveril!" echoed Ned after her, eagerly seizing her hand, "who and what then are you? Your name? Tell me your name qickly."

"I am called Beatrice Lamb," modestly replied the girl.

"And your mistress? What is her name? What was her errand at Hatfield Peveril?"

"She is mistress Olivia Brookwood, the daughter of Master Brookwood of Lambeth sir, and her errand was—"

Charteris sprang back with an oath.

"Slife Masham, if that were her name, methinks we can guess her errand. I can hardly find it in my heart, to pitty her fate."

"Come, Ned, come—art satisfied now? To horse. The afternoon is half spent, and we have far to ride before nightfall."

"Beatrice, all astonished at the change, the announcement of her Mistress's name had made in the manner of the young men, looked in amaze from the window, as without further delay, they mounted their horses in the court yard, and rode off at a brisk canter.

"Death and the devil!" cried Charteris, "to think that old moneybags not content with defrauding me of my birthright, should bring his brood to lie beneath my roof—tree, the very hour the law permitted him to claim it for his own. It is enough to make the dead Charterises turn again within their graves, at such a profanation of the old Manor House. Push on Masham, push on, I shall know no peace till we are clear of this accursed country. My blood boils to think who it is that this night will sleep at Hatfield Peveril.

And so, in all ignorance that he was flying from the woman who has risked everything for his sake, from her, whose eloquent eyes, and soft and gentle tongue, had played such havoc with his heart, Ned Charteris rode on with bitter phrases on his lips for Olivia Brookwood, who, for love of him, had sacrificed a home, a father's love, reputation and honor, and now lay sobbing alone and deserted by all, within the walls of the old Manor House, crushed down by shame, but lamenting more than her own disgrace, the evil fate which had rendered all her efforts to rescue Charteris futile.

That night Ned and his friend slept at Colchester, and the next morning, with the sunrise, started once more upon their journey, and long ere the day was half spent, sighted the clear stretch of light bounding the horizon which betokened their approach to the coast.

It was early in the afternoon when they rode into the seaport of Harwich, and there, at the inn where they left their horses, they were fortunate enough to encounter the very man they sought, the captain of a small trading-vessel bound for the Hague.

A bargain was soon struck, and that same night, on the top of the tide, the small brig set sail and glided out over the smooth water from the harbor with Ned Charteris on board and Masham standing on shore watching the receding vessel so long as she remained visible in the bright moonlight.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.

The glory of the great victory of Blenheim aroused all the warlike ardor of the youth of Britain, and hundreds of those who by birth and position might well have aspired to officers' commissions, rather than wait for the slow routine of the war office, banded themselves in a body as a gentleman corps, to proceed to the low countries and tender their services to the great Duke of Marlborough, who by his last battle had given convincing proofs, even to the most skeptical, that he was indeed the greatest commander of the day.

Young men whose souls overflowed with martial ardor; young men whose extravagance had outrun their means; young men whose misdeeds had made their own country too hot to hold them; young men rejected by "the only woman they ever loved," and bent in consequence upon seeking death upon the tented field; youths in search of glory; youths in hope of plunder; youths who sought distraction, all flocked to the Hague, asking no better boon than to serve through the next campaign, under the leadership of the Duke of Marlborough.

But a few weeks after Ned Charteris had quitted the roof of the Manor House of Hatfield Peveril, that roof which no longer owned him master, he found himself one of several hundreds idling his time in the old Dutch Town, his services accepted together with those of the other volunteers, but with no immediate prospect of active service.

The Winter was near at hand, when warlike operations would be suspended, the main army was with the Duke, but beyond a rumor that the forces were pushing on beyond Alsace, no reliable information could be gained.

Housed in crowded barracks, without uniforms, and with scanty rations, the gentlemen volunteers roughed it, as did their humbler brethren of the rank and file. Their duties were merely nominal, and their days were spent in idleness, their nights in drinking, gambling and debauchery.

This life but ill-suited with Ned's impetuous humor. He longed for action, no matter of what kind; he desired the opportunity of winning renown. He cared not if an unfriendly bullet laid him low, anything, anything better than the lazy, desultory life of one who was a soldier but in name, idling his hours in the sleepy, dreamy old town, with its red brick houses, its parallel streets, its trim canal and close cropped hedges.

With the Winter came the news that the English General was on his way home, and scarcely had the report spread when one chilly, frosty morning, when the icicles hung from the gabled roofs, and the nipping east wind swept through the clean streets of the Hague, General the Duke of Marlborough, rode into the town attended only by a small personal escort.

The time of his arrival had been purposely kept back, but it was not deemed advisable, that the French should have an accurate knowledge of the whereabouts of the dreaded "Malbrook," as they persistently called him, but no sooner was it gossipped at street corners, and openly spoken of in hostelries, that the mightiest chief of those days had actually arrived, and was at the palace, than the entire corps of gentlemen volunteers, accoutreing themselves as well as their means would permit, and adopting for their badge an orange scarf thrown over their left shoulder, and knotted at the side, proceeded to the palace, and craved audience with the Duke.

The Duke returned a courteous message, that he would receive six of their number, who might speak for the rest, and of those half dozen, Ned Charteris was the first unanimously chosen by his companions. Large featured, of swarthy complexion, wearing an enormous black wig, the curls of which descended upon his shoulders, clad in a travel-stained uniform, and with boots still on, the conqueror of Blenheim received the depution, with but a single aid-de-camp by his side, in one of the state-rooms of the palace.

Ned Charteris was spokesman, and in a few blunt straightforward words, explained that the corps which he had the honor to represent, claimed no higher distinction than to serve in the Spring campaign, and meanwhile humbly requested that they might be sent to the front, in order to become familiarized with camp life.

The Duke listened attentively, asked several questions as to the number of available men, the class in life from which they had been recruited and of their knowledge of actual warfare. Then in a short speech he thanked them for what he could not but regard as a flattering proof of their personal admiration for himself as a general and promised that on his return from England, early in the year, he would make such disposition of them as would give them all the opportunities they desired to prove their courage.

"And Your Grace can hold out no immediate prospect of our being employed at once?" queried Charteris.

The Duke looked at him quickly from beneath the shaggy penthouse of his brows with, as Ned thought, no very friendly glance.

"You have my answer, young sir," he said curtly, and waved his hand towards the door.

The half dozen quitted the audience chamber, but had hardly gone a score of steps, when an equerry running in hot haste, called Charteris back to the presence of the famous General.

"Who are you, young sir, that are so eager to be food for powder?" asked Marlborough abruptly, as soon as our hero entered the room the second time.

"My name is Edward Charteris, Your Grace," replied Ned, bowing.

"Charteris—Charteris?—an Essex family, methinks."

"Even so, Your Grace. From Hatfield Peveril."

"Hum, ha! Yes, I knew your father, boy. 'Twas a fine, noble-hearted gentleman. Thou art like him in face and manner. Thy features seemed strangely familiar to me. What wouldst thou with me?"

"Your Grace, I crave no greater favor than to don the Queen's uniform—whom Heaven preserve—and to do battle with her enemies. I have few friends, no money, and no relatives. The land which was my heritage, is no longer mine, those who awhile since grasped my hand and swore that I was their dearest companion now pass me by, and fain would have me think they see me not, but I have still left a frame of iron, a heart of oak, an honored name and a sharp sword. These I offer Your Grace as my tribute to my Queen and country. Let me not deem that these my sole possessions are valueless."

"'Tis well spoken. Men such as you are needed, sorely needed, in our army. You shall have your will, boy. That you are your father's son, interests me in you, that you are yourself leads me to welcome you to our ranks," and the Duke held out his hand, which Charteris took respectfully.

"I thank Your Grace with all my heart," quoth he.

"Hum—let me consider—you would not Winter here amongst the Dutch boors eating the bread of idleness?"

"Indeed not, Your Grace."

"Then i'faith, lad, thou shalt accompany me to England, and 'twill be hard indeed if the victor of the field of Blenheim cannot find a commission for so likely a youth and the son of his old friend."

Charteris colored to the temples, stammered a few words, and hesitated.

"Well, sir, well," cried Marlborough, impatiently, "what more dost thou deem thy due? Dost think thou wilt find a more influential patron?"

"No, no, your Grace. Indeed, I pray you, think me not ungrateful, but—but—"

"Tush man, say no more. We sail tonight at 11 o' the o'clock. See that thou art on board betimes."

"Your Grace, your kindness, your generosity emboldens me to speak my mind. London with its gay life, its coffee-houses, its balls, and rebottos, has no charm for me, the atmosphere of the court, with its mysteries, its flatteries, and its intrigues, is foreign to my nature, there is never a heart in all the great City that will beat one pulsation the faster for my return, there is never a hand to give to mine the cordial grip of welcome, when once again I set foot on English soil. My life, till now, has been wasted, the energy of my youth has been cramped by this very London, to which you would take me in your train. Your Grace, deem me not thankless, but give me rather a life of action, a life in which I myself can, with my own right hand, carve fame and fortune or die in the attempt. I thirst for action as the wayfarer in the sandy desert for a draught of water, I crave to be one of those who help to make history, I would act, and not talk."

"And yet thy tongue yould seem to be full froward," replied Marlborough, with a scowl from beneath his over-hanging brows. "Take heed, young sis, take heed, that thy zeal doth not outrun thy discretion. Generals are not used to listen to the dictates of their subalterns, regarding the duty for which they shall be detailed."

"Pardon your grace if I have been indiscreet,"

"Words on your indiscretion Sirrah are wasted," and the color flushed in Marlborough's swarthy checks. "I like your courage better than I appreciate your wisdom. No more of this. You shall have your will. You seek danger, and distinction."

"I desire naught better."

"The first you shall find beyond all doubt, As for the second, that rests in your own hands."

"It shall not be my fault, if I fail to win it."

"Tush, Sirrah—no protestations—you told me, but now, that your motto was deeds, not words. Do you speak the French?"

Charteris bowed.

"And Dutch?"

"While I have been at the Hague, I have made it my daily study."

"It is well. You shall be entrusted with important dispatches to be delivered at the peril of your life into the hands of the Commander of the Fourth Division. Remember, should those dispatches fall into the enemies' hands, never let me hear that you live."

"Your Grace honors me by the trust and confidence you impose in me."

"'Tis well, 'tis well. No words. Deeds—deeds—deeds. This interview is at an end. To your barracks, where instructions ll reach you to which you will rigidly adhere. All that you need will be supplied you. Tell no one your errand; not your most intimate friend. Steal from the town as if you were a midnight thief—and, hark ye, to allay any suspicions of the gentlemen volunteers whom you represent, tell them that I called you back to say that I love their wishes well at heart, and I will arrange that their desires shall be complied with. Now sir, I would be alone."

Ned Charteris bowed low, but this time no friendly hand was extended towards him, nor did the Duke appear to be even conscious of his farewell salutation.

Ned Charteris returned to the barracks, delighted at the prospect of immediate employment, and that, too, in a service of danger which promised, if successfully accomplished, to be a stepping-stone to fame, so delighted that he could scarcely pause to reflect how injudicious for his future prospects it might have been to neglect the first handsome proposition made to him by the famous General, whose name was upon the tongue of the whole world.

He was too little of the courtier to comprehend that he had thrown aside what might have easily proved to be the entrance into that new life in which he aspired to gain the highest prizes.

The message he brought to his brother soldiers sufficiently satisfied them with the reason for his second private interview with the Duke, and many a flask of canary, and many a cup of sack, many a glass of Eau de Vie, and many a bottle of Hollands, were drained that night in honor of the brave British commander, while the barrack walls rung again and again with songs breathing defiance, battle and blood against the foes of England.

But in these orgies Charteris took no part.

In a remote corner of the barrack-room, away from the roysterers, he busied himself with putting fresh flints to his pistols, polishing and furbishing his sword, looking to the condition of his riding boots, and otherwise making ready for the journey before him—the journey of danger—from which he would either return with renown or never return again.

As the hours sped slowly by, the horrible fear crossed his mind, that in the pressure of affairs the Duke might have forgotten him, and when presently the clocks of the town chimed and the heavy bells tolled the hour of 11, the booming of a salute from the fortress told him that Marlborough had embarked on board the frigate waiting to bear him to England, and that should no message reach him soon, the hopes which he had been so tenderly nursing would have to be relegated to the limbo of disappointed expectations.

Another hour passed and midnight sounded from the bell towers, when a man, habited in the garb of a common soldier, lounged negligently through the room, unheaded, almost unnoticed, and stood before Charteris.

"Do you ride to-night?" he asked in Dutch.

"If needs be," replied Ned, who at first was minded to bid him mind his own business, till the idea occurred to him that he might be the messenger sent to fetch him to his duty.

"'Tis a fine night to pass unheeded through the wicket gate and to find a sorrel mare awaiting for a gallop across the hard, frosty roads," continued the man as if feeling his way.

"I desire nought better," replied Ned carelessly.

"Follow me—not too close—but follow me," said the stranger, and as he lounged carelessly away, now pausing to look curiously at those who threw dice and gambled away their scanty pay, now jovially, at those whom the potent liquors they had consumed had overcome, Charteris carefully, though outwardly negligently, kept in his wake until the door was gained.

Even then his guide neither paused nor turned his head, and only by a silent gesture bade him follow still.

Across the wide open squares, and in front of the palace, down the broad street leading to the harbor and then through a multiplicity of winding alleys Charteris followed his guide, one hand the while upon the belt of his pistol to guard against any sudden treachery till the man passed beneath a black forbidding looking archway and in at an open door.

Charteris followed, the doors was closed, by some unseen hand, and then a light having been obtained, Ned was ushered into a handsomely furnished room, which was tenanted by an old man of venerable appearance, whose snowy locks fell in luxuriance from beneath a velvet skull cap, and whose portly body was wrapped in a handsome burgomaster's gown trimmed with costly fur. On the table before him lay a bundle of carefully sealed papers and by their side a purse through the meshes of which gleamed gold.

"There is no time to waste in words," said the old man in English, though with a strong foreign accent "You know your duty, it only remains to perform it. At the small gate stands a sorrel mare, ready saddled for your use, she is fleet as the wind This paper will give you all that you require in such friendly towns as you may pass through; when you get upon the enemy's ground you must shift for yourself. Here is gold, arms if you need them are in yonder bureau. These are the dispatches to be delivered to the Commander of the Fourth Division—into his own hands—mark that well. Now go and may God be with you."

Charteris mechanically took each of the articles enumerated and then not having been five minutes within the walls of the house quitted it again to find his guide waiting for him beneath the dark archway to conduct him to the gate where his steed awaited him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PIONEER LIFE.

A Notable Sermon by an Old Time "Hallelujah Preacher"—The Awful Climax and the Ridiculous Anti-Climax.

BY DR. SCOTT, OF LANCASTER, O., AUTHOR OF "PIONEER SKETCHES."

BEHOLD, I COME QUICKLY.

Fifty and 60 years ago there was a religious sect somewhat numerous in certain parts of Kentucky and Ohio known, or commonly spoken of, as New Lights, though the title they assumed was that of the "Christian Church," They are not now so numerous as formerly, though they still maintain a church organization. The sect was characterized by some marked features, among which was a remarkable exercise or phenomenon called the jerks. It was nearly entirely confined to that sect, though during its prevalence it spread to a limited extent to other denominations and even to unprofessor. The New Lights believed it to be the power of God and always spoke of it as such. By physiologists it was later believed to have been a form of catalepsy or other nervous affection. One fact in regard to the phenomenon is to be remembered, what ever its essential nature may have been. It originated with the New Lights and was with them in the main until it ceased. Its entire duration was probably about 20 years, when it entirely ceased everywhere and has not been heard of for nearly half a century. These facts in regard to the history of the jerks are somewhat remarkable and deserve consideration in view of the fact the same moral and physical causes, precisely, exist now that did then and previously, yet nothing like the jerks exists in the wide world, so far as is known.

As the laughable and extremely ludicrous scene presently to be described occurred at one of the religious meetings of the New Light sect, it is necessary to state some of the points of faith and forms of worship peculiar to them. They were Armenians in faith and taught the doctrine of the soul's regeneration through faith in Christ, and his atonement, and the efficacy of his shed blood. In all this they agreed with the Methodists and other orthodox denominations. But they did not concede that Christ was God in any other sense than his delegated power, or that he was as old as his father.

They believed in the near end of the world, and that Gabriel's trumpet might be blown at almost any time. Their religious meetings were sometimes attended by a wonderful outpouring of the spirit, or power of God, as they termed it. Some times they spoke of it as the Holy Ghost. When the power came down in great force the meetings were characterized by loud singing, shouting, stamping with the feet, clapping the hands, leaping, shaking hands, and the jerks. When all these demonstrations were going on order and system were for the time suspended; and thus it sometimes occurred, upon the "power" came down very strong, and they all became filled with the new wine, every form of religious exercise would be seen going on at the same time, which to the mere looker on, who might not know what was going on, would seem a bedlam. Thus it sometimes happened, that before the preacher finished his discourse, the whole house would be in an uproar, some singing, some shouting, perhaps two or three, or more, with the jerks, some on their knees in earnest and fervent prayer. A stranger to the scene would likely have concluded they were vieing with one another as to who could raise their voices highest. Their belief in the nearness of the judgment day was such that it was a theme in all their meetings. Scarcely ever was there a sermon that the preacher did not remind his hearers, that they might hear the trumpet before he took his seat, I was a mere youth; but I remember it all with a great deal of distintness. Another of their absolute doctrines, was, that the dead bodies which were buried in the grave would instantly arise at the sound of Gabriel's trumpet, and stand before the bar of God just as they had lived on the earth, and there be judged according to the deeds done in the body, and then and there receive their sentence for eternity. The wicked were to depart down into hell, while the righteous flew upward to meet Jesus in the air.

In recording the following occurence I deem it a matter of justice to myself, to say, that I am the farthest from any possible intention of casting a slur on religion, or religious people, of any man in the world, on the contrary, I have all my life been in intimate relation to the church and church people, in some way; and entertain to-day a high degree of respect for all professors of the Christian religion who honor their professions by following the precepts of the Savior. And besides, my honored parents were both members of the New Light Church; and I was brought up under its teachings and influence. And when I was a child, and a boy, I believed sacredly every word they taught, Gabriel's trumpet, the resurrection, and all; I believe in the New Light Church still. I conscientiously believe they are nearer on the Apostolic platform and the teachings of Jesus than any other church in the world. Let this suffice for apology. I tell the story because it was literally true in every particularity, and because I choose to.

It was I think in the year 1812, and in the month of October. I know it was Indian Summer, and after the prairies had been burned over. The air was loaded with a dense smoke, so as to obscure the sun at mid-day, and there was no moon, and the darkness was therefore as intense as it is possible to conceive of above ground. The people had to light torches to go home by. The meeting was at our house, in the loom room. It was a double cabin, and the north end was used for a loom house. My mother was a weaver. When the room was required for meeting, the loom was taken down and stored in the entry, which was was the space between the two cabins. There were probably 30 persons in the room that night. I imagine there were about 30 persons, because as it seems to me now that would have been near the capacity of the room. The seats were rough planks resting on split bottom chairs, and the like; but in the absence of planks enough, broad fence rails were substituted. I believe I was in my fourth year; but I am able to recall the scenes of the night quite vividly; and I suppose my memory has been helped by having told the story so many times, and hearing others rehearse it. The people came early, on account, I suppose, of the darkness. The meeting commenced with preaching; but before the sermon was ended, it had grown into one of such "power" that the preacher's voice could only be heard at intervals. I can see the preacher still, as he was wildly throwing the white from his mouth, and gesticulating furiously with his arms. He was a tall man, with very black hair, and was esteemed as a good man. He has been dead more than 50 years, and I know of but two persons now living who were living then, and at the meeting, besides myself, and they are my brothers.

The meeting had reached its acme. The preacher had placed his right foot on the seat of the splint bottom chair, where he kept up a pretty rapid succession of pounding, as he emphasized his strong points with such force as to thoroughly test the strength of the oak splints. His face was for the most part turned upwards in the direction of where he supposed heaven to be. He was depicting the pomp and pageantry of the last day—the day of judgment—the "great day for which all other days were made," as Young expressed it. He thought it not improbable that before he closed his remarks judgment might begin and with each recurrence to the final catastrophe, when the world was to be burned up, and the saints taken home to glory, the foot came down with increased force while the hallelujahs from the happy band of worshipers swelled up higher and higher. Some with up-turned faces and streaming eyes were exclaiming with great earnestness, "O Lord Jesus come quickly! break through the clouds of heaven with all thy shining retinue of holy angels, and come and take us home to glory, for we are tired of this poor world of sin and sorrow," and then the anthems would swell up in their favorite stanza and chorus, thus:

"Farewell, vain world, I am going home;
And I don't want to stay forever here;
My Savior smiles and bids me come;
And I don't want to stay forever here.
So freely, so freely, so freely going home to glory;
So freely, so freely, so freely going home to glory."

And then the inspiration would change to—

"Don't you see my Jesus coming?
Don't you see him in yonder cloud?
With ten thousand angels around him;
O how they do my Jesus crowd.
I will arise and go and meet him,
He'll embrace me in his arms;
In the arms of my dear Jesus;
O there are ten thousand charms.
O glory, glory, glory hallelujah,
We're going where pleasures never die."

And, anon, some happy brother or sister would break forth in the following, or some similar exclamation: "Now methinks I see Jesus coming with ten thousand holy angels thronging the air," and then the refrain would swell up—

"So freely, so freely, so freely going home to glory."

Some were prostrate on the floor, apparently in a condition of suspended animation, while all who had control of themselves were mingling and moving about the room, keeping up an incessant shaking of hands, as a seal of Christian fellowship, and all prompted by the extatic joy of being just ready to take wings and fly away to glory, all in a flock, and at a moment's warning. Some had the jerks, some were leaping and slapping their hands, while others were praying. To one who might have been a total stranger to such scenes, and who lacked familiar

Clean Gone.

"Do you really love me, Beryl?"

A pair of soft, lustrous eyes looked up inquiringly into the face of Harold Wyverne, and over the sweet, girlish face swept a wave of pallor, quickly followed by a sunny smile as she saw by the expression of Harold's face that the question had not been asked in seriousness.

"How you frighten me!" she said, nestling close beside him in the confiding, trustful way that is so characteristic of woman when she is about to lay pipe for a new bonnet. "If you had been in earnest, Harold, I believe your words would have broken my heart"—and stepping to the other side of the conservatory, into which they had wandered after the last waltz, she gazed steadfastly out into the deepening gloom of a November night.

"Poor little birdling," said Harold to himself, "how madly she loves me! My words, even though spoken in jest, have affected her strangely, and she steals away for an instant to conceal the tears that cannot be restrained."

Harold had never been arrested for knowing too much. He was a young man of singularly pure love and tight pants, and never once had their swept across the unflecked horizon of his lawn tennis and cigaret existence the cold, stolid fact that after whirling in the dreamy measures of a waltz even the best of women love to steal a while away and stand unostentatiously on the side of their feet in order that their corns may throb untrammeled in all the buoyant gladness of a temporarily removed slipper.—*Chicago Tribune.*

They Never Die.

Is this house to rent?

It is. You see it has two cards on the front, and the letters are very distinct.

Does the woman who has just pulled the bell desire to rent the house?

Oh, no. As soon as the door is opened the following conversation will take place:

"Is the house for sale?"

"No, ma'am; it is for rent."

"What would they ask if they were going to sell it?"

"About $6,000."

"Wouldn't they take $4,000?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then it is not for sale?"

"No."

"Wasn't it for sale last year?"

"I do not know."

"Won't it be in the Fall?"

"I can't say."

"Can I look over it? I don't want to rent, of course, but if I should happen to like the plan of the interior, and the rooms just suited, and the neighborhood was all right and I get some money I am expecting, I might possibly want to buy somewhere within a mile of this corner."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Consideration of a Mother.

A dwelling house took fire in one of the chambers the other night from an exploding oil lamp. The flames were extinguished after a sharp struggle by the woman of the house, who had her hands pretty badly burned. She was relating her adventures to a neighbor next morning and the woman asked:

"Why didn't you raise an alarm—where was Bessie?"

"Bessie and her beau were courting in the parlor," was the calm reply.

"And you never called on them?"

"Not a word. I have known cases where a sudden alarm has unset a young man just as he was about to propose and changed the whole future of two lives."—*Chicago Sun.*

What Zephyr Cloth Is.

Mrs. Blank—Well, my dear, I have bought the material for another new Spring dress.

Mr. Blank—Humph! Had to have another new dress, did you?

Mrs. Blank—Of course; I have only 17 that are fit to be seen.

Mr. Blank—Well, I hope you didn't buy anything very expensive.

Mrs. Blank—I bought zephyr cloth.

Mr. Blank—Zephyr cloth! What is it called that for.

Mrs. Blank—I don't know, unless it is because it is pretty sure to raise a breeze when the bill comes in.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Not "De Fence" He Desired.

Old Dan had used his neighbors' fence for firewood, and was accordingly brought before the Court to answer for the same.

"Have you any lawyer for defense?" asked the Judge as Dan took his place.

"No, sir, I hab not," replied the negro, "Kase yo' know, Jege, 'taint de fence wot needs a lawyer, hit am dis po niggah dat am in for it; I spec yer better pint one for him."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Strong as Sampson.

"What have you got there?" asked Yeast of Crimsonbeak, whom he met coming down the street with a good sized package stowed under his arm.

"Butter," answered the purchaser. "I have been up to Grocer Smallmeasure's laying in a week's supply."

"What kind of a supply did you say?" exclaimed Yeast.

"A week's supply," replied his friend in some surprise.

"Well, old Smallmeasure must have changed his dairy, if you can get a week supply of butter there now. The butter I generally get there is stronger than my wife's will!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Where They Come From.

Puggies is greatly mashed on a young girl from the East who is visiting friends here. The other day he took her out for a drive and they passed a place where an old Dutch farmer was carting straw from an old stack and scattering it over his field to enrich it.

"What is that he is doing?" said she innocently.

"O, he's putting out straw in his field," replied Puggies.

"Ah, me. So he's planting straw, is he? And in a few days he'll raise these dear delightful strawberries that you have in the West."—*Evansville Argus.*

An Eye to Business.

A Brooklyn man who hit wheat for a few thousand dollars last week rushed around and rented a brownstone front, and then sought the services of a furniture mover.

"I'll take it by the job and do the fair thing by you," replied the mover.

"Well, how fair?"

"I'll say $50 for the two."

"What two?"

"Why, moving this week into the brownstone and the moving in about a month, from that into a cheap frame house in the suburbs! I alwasr job the two moves together in the case of a grain speculator!"—*Wall Street News.*

The Statue of Limitation.

"I say, boss," remarked an old darkey, "could yer loan an ole man a quarter ob a dollar?"

"Why, uncle, you owe me 50 cents now."

"No, I doan, boss."

"Have you forgotten that you borrowed 50 cents of me several years and have never returned it?"

"I hain't forgot it, boss, but I don't owe yer nothin'. Dat debt hab transpired by de statue of limitations."—*Philadelphia Call.*

An Unfortunate Man.

"Can you help a poor unfortunate man to a little something?" pleaded a mendicant.

"You don't look as though you needed charity," was the reply. "You are strong and hearty, and able to do a day's work."

"Yes, sir; but I am a very unfortunate man. I am strong enough and my health is good, but I was born lazy."

Bank Holler-Day.

Scene—Zoological Gardens. Tom, Harry and Keeper, gazing on large bird in cage.—Tom: "See 'ere, 'Arry, 'ere's a beagle." Harry: "Go away, you don't know, it's a howl." Tom (excitedly): "I tell yer it's a beagle! 'Ere, guv'nor, what's this 'ere bird?" Keeper (solemnly): "Gentlemen, it's a pork."—*Judy.*

The Provision Market in the Youngest of All Cities.

A train of 16 mules, 15 loaded with whisky and one with flour, arrived at Eagle a few days ago.—*Coeur d' Alene Eagle.*

Written Expressly for the BLADE.

NASBY IN THE SOUTH.

New Orleans's Importance to the Mississippi Valley—Memory of Gen. Butler—His Strong-handed Grip on the Crescent City—Love for the Dead Confederacy—Creole Love for Pomp and Pageantry.

XV.

THE IMPORTANCE OF NEW ORLEANS.

There was a dispute between a Chicago and a New Orleans man as to the advantages of their respective Cities. The Chicago man overtopped the competitive liar in everything and, so far as peculiarities went, drove him to the wall. In no one point could the New Orleans man show superiority over Chicago, till a bright thought struck him:

"Well, you may have more grain trade, your wholesale trade may be greater, and you may do more manufacturing, but, d—n you, we lay all over you in yellow fever!"

Despite the yellow fever, of which New Orleans may be justly proud, and despite the frightful heat of the Summers and the enervating warmth of the other seasons, New Orleans must always be a busy place. It cannot be avoided. It is the mouth of the greatest commercial waterway in the world. Drop a chip into any brooklet west of the Alleghanies as far North as the center of New York, as far to the northwest as you choose to go, east of the Rocky Mountains, and to get to the sea it must float by the levees of New Orleans. Emptying into the Mississippi are the Missouri, the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, the Red, and a score of other rivers, each a great stream independent of its connection with the Father of Waters, it must always exact tribute from the producers of an empire greater in point of extent, and richer in point of production than any on the known globe.

It is true that railroads have diverted trade from this great natural water highway—as the river is very generally higher than the banks it may be called a highway—it is true that land communication has created new centers and made new pathways for trade, but the sea cannot be crossed by railways, and it will be a long time before transportation by water will go out of use. So long as vessels float upon water New Orleans will be a busy and important place.

Every section of country must have a metropolis and the extent of the country tributary to a City makes the size of the City. People go to their metropolis on other errands than business. The Pennsylvania girl would hardly consider herself legally married did she not have the sweet boon of spending her honeymoon in Philadelphia, and Chicago is to the Northwest what Philadelphia is to Pennsylvania. The metropolis of a country is a sink into which the money of the district runs naturally.

To New Orleans comes a greater number of people for half-pleasure and half-business than any City in America, except it be New York or Chicago. In the country it is the county-seat, and the boy living 20 miles therefrom, who has been thither, is immeasurably greater than the boy who has not. Let that same boy, living in New York, get so far away as Syracuse and he is counted as traveled, and to essay the far-away City of New York is to give him an importance that keeping his place at the head of his class could never do.

The planter's wife from up-country comes down to New Orleans not so much to do her shopping as to see the prevailing styles. She must go to the theaters and opera, not so much to enjoy the performance as to see what the town women wear, and how they wear it. Her little trip down is the event of the year, and she enjoys it vastly.

HOW A COUNTRY MERCHANT DOES IT.

The country merchant comes not to buy goods, for the indefatigable drummer will sell him his supplies cheaper in his own store than he can buy them in person, in the great City, but nevertheless he insists that he must go down to "see the styles," and "get the run of things," and all that sort of thing. Besides it is well for him to "keep up an acquaintance" with the great houses in the City. And so he packs his valise and, after the second year of marriage, presents sufficient reasons why his wife should not accompany him, and steps gaily aboard the boat, scarcely having enough control of himself to look sad at parting. He does manage to look lugubrious, joy struggling up through the assumed sadness,—real joy is always stronger than bogus grief—and as the boat swings out into the stream he rushes to the bar, and from thence searches for the room where the poker game is being played.

Does he buy goods? To some extent, but he does not bankrupt himself thereat. The gambling houses on Royal street, the race course, the cock-pits, and even more questionable resorts know him, as they have known him before and will know him hereafter, if he does not glide into bankruptcy from too much New Orleans.

However he stays as long as he can, and has what he considers a good time, and goes back, leaving a few hundred dollars in the City, all of which goes to swell somebody's coffers and eventually gets around into the channels of trade.

It is a curious thing this buying of goods. It is a fact that the country buyer always considers that City the best market which furnishes him the most amusements which he dare not indulge in at home. New Orleans furnishes these amusements at wholesale or retail. If there is any especial kind of wickedness that the City has not, her purveyors of sin would make haste to find and establish it. Sin is something they know all about, and they have a full stock of all varieties.

THE TRADE OF THE CITY.

The wholesale trade of the City is very large, as every manufacturing establishment in the country must have a branch for the Southern and rapidly increasing Mexican trade. A large part of Texas comes hither, and the trade of Texas alone is sufficient for a City of a half million. From away up the Red river country, from the great States of Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and all along the great Valley, comes regularly pilgrims in pursuit of gain or pleasure, or both, and they keep the City lively at all times except in the heat of Summer.

The retail streets of which Canal is the principal, are not only busy but attractive. Their shops are elegantly fitted up and filled with very choice goods. The varieties are as great as in similar establishments in New York and Boston, and the merchants know quite as well how to make their displays pay.

GEN. BUTLER.

Probably the most intensely hated man by New Orleans is Gen. Butler, now of Massachusetts, late Governor of that grand old Commonwealth. It will be remembered that he was the Military Governor of that City, for a time during the war, and he did the same sky-rocket things there that he has always done elsewhere. The citizens of New Orleans were laboring under the delusion that, being private citizens and not in uniform, the laws of war did not apply to them, while Gen. Butler's idea was that the State of Louisiana, and especially the City of New Orleans, was in a state of rebellion and under martial law.

Therefore, when ladies spit upon Federal soldiers and otherwise despitefully used them, Gen. Butler treated them as enemies, and brought down upon their devoted heads the heavy hand of military power. Consequently, Gen. Butler is regarded to this day as a monster and an ogre, a man-eater and woman-insulter. It is not certain that mothers yet frighten children with his name, but it is not improbable.

He emphasized his power in the City by hanging a citizen. One Mumford insulted the flag, and Gen. Butler promptly hanged him. Mumford was a sort of good-for-nothing, who probably did not know what he was doing, but an example was necessary and he was accordingly executed, much to the horror of the City.

A lady emptied slops from her residence upon a soldier passing, and immediately a file of soldiers took possession of the house under an order converting the elegant palace into a hospital. Ladies amused themselves by spitting upon Federal officers, whereupon Gen. Butler issued the famous General Order, warning the people of the City that women conducting themselves like women of the town would be treated as such, and that sport came to an immediate ending.

A young man wrote to a friend in Europe that the Federal officers in the army of occupation were a set of arrant cowards, that he himself had publicly insulted one on the street who took it so mildly that he (the citizen) tore his sword from his scabbard and broke it.

Unfortunately for this boastful man the letter fell into the hands of the Federal authorities and was laid before the General. Immediately the citizen was sent for.

"Is this your hand-writing?"

"It is."

"Read it please, and say if it be true."

"It is true."

"You specify in this the number of the regiment?"

"I-I I believe so."

(The citizen was getting nervous, for the drift of the ogreish General's questions were beginning to dawn upon him.)

"The officers of that regiment, one and all, assert that it is a falsehood. Are you quite sure that you insulted one of them, publicly, and broke his sword and threw it on the ground and stalked away?"

There was a moment's hesitation.

"You need not hesitate. So brave a man as you are would be willing, of course, to face the man whom you insulted. The officers of that regiment are all within call."

There was more hesitation.

"It is—that is to say—it is not precisely as I stated in the letter."

"Then you lied about it."

"Sir!"

"That is the word, you lied. That being the case, you will sign this paper."

The paper, drawn up ready for his signature, was handed him. It was an acknowledgment that he had deliberately lied, that the statement contained in the letter was a falsehood.

"I will never sign it. I will die first!" exclaimed the citizen.

"Very well, you will have an immediate opportunity to die."

The sight of a file of soldiers was a sufficient inducement for him to change his mind and he signed it.

"This is very good—as a beginning," said the General, calmly. "You will take the original letter and this statement to the daily papers and have them published."

"That I never will do."

"You know the penalty of refusal."

There was a little more talk and a little more parley, very little, and the boastful citizen humbly took the papers and they were published. He probably never again boasted, in writing, of insulting Federal officers, and breaking their swords and all that sort of thing.

The neatest thing that Gen. Butler did still remains visible to the naked eye, and it is very much to his credit. In one of the squares near the Cathedral was and is a very respectable equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson. The hero of New Orleans is seated on a spirited charger, rearing, of course, as no horse ever reared, he sitting as no horseman ever sat. The horse stands on an immense block of granite.

Now it occurred to Gen. Butler, who is a great admirer of Jackson,—that there should be on the pedestal a quotation from the old President, to which certainly no one could object. And so he sent a skilful worker in stone down to the place and what was it he carved on the stone? Only this:

"The Union, it must and shall be preserved."

The words were Jackson's and the statue was of Jackson, and what could be more appropriate?

Inasmuch as the citizens of New Orleans were at that moment endeavoring to destroy the Union which Jackson swore must and should be preserved, the putting of that particular quotation on his statue was as delightfully irritating as anything could be. They howled and stormed, and tried to deface it, but the statue was guarded and it was not defaced, and remains there to-day as prominent a feature of the monument as the horse's tail.

No one but Gen. Butler would have thought of this, or had the audacity to carry it out, but he has a talent that way. As an irritator, with a solid, innocent excuse for it, he has never had an equal.

GEN. LEE.

The Confederate General Robert E. Lee is as much loved as Gen. Butler is execrated. You shall see on the streets "The Robert E. Lee Hat Store," "The Robert E. Lee Shoe Store," and the name of Robert E. Lee is tacked upon everything that will bear it. There is a magnificent statue of Robert E. Lee at the head of a prineipal street, the statue itself a really fine work of art, but the pedestal upon which it stands as ugly as a Chicago grain elevator, and there can be nothing more ugly than that, in nature. It was unveiled on Washington's birth day with great ceremony, in a terrible storm, as if nature protested against unveiling, upon Washington's birth day, the statue of a man who did his best to destroy what Washington created.

THE DEAD CONFEDERACY.

Much attention is paid to everything connected with the Confederate side of the late war. The daughters of a Rebel General visit New Orleans. They are immediately feted, feasted, received, and all that sort of thing, and brass bands and processions of men decorated with badges do them honor. Jefferson Davis, when he visits New Orleans, is made the object of much adoration, though Davis is not popular as a man. The homage paid him is because he was the head of the Confederacy. It is a tribute to an idea.

But all this is as harmless as new milk. The very men who pay these tributes to the lost cause, would take up arms for the Federal Union to-day were it assailed. New Orleans would put its heel upon a secession movement as quickly and heavily as would Boston. Every man of them is glad that the war resulted as it did, and they would have it no other way. They are glad that slavery is abolished, they have no worry about the North, in fact they are as good Unionists as any, for they have seen the folly of disunion. They know they are better in the Union than out of it, they know that had the rebellion been successful it would have been their ruin. They realize the fact that the country is a thousand times richer and more prosperous than it could possibly have been had it maintained its independence. They have long lines of railroad which would have been impossible under an independent Government, they are receiving assistance from the General Government in the form of work which would have been impossible under a Government of their own, and they are reaping a rich harvest under the present condition of affairs which would have been impossible otherwise.

Why then, this devotion to the memory of the prominent participants in the great struggle? It is purely a sentiment. Those men were in the field under Lee and Hill, and they consider themselves in duty bound to stand by their memories. Right or wrong, they fought together, and they have memories which to them are sacred. The next generation will not keep these memories alive, but so long as there is a Confederate soldier living, all this will be done.

There is only one Federal General who is popular in New Orleans, and that is Gen. Hancock. His portrait is prominent on the walls of the reception room of the most prominent Club in the City. It will be remembered that he endeared himself to the South by his action when he was in command in New Orleans, after the war, and he has his reward in having a very bad portrait side by side with one of Gen. Lee. Probably he considers it an honor. There are Federal Generals who would not.

PROCESSIONS AND PARADES.

Like all Cities in Southern countries New Orleans is very much addicted to processions and parades. They parade on the slightest possible provocation, and enter into it with an energy which if devoted to anything else would make a difference in their affairs. Almost everybody belongs to some Society, beneficial or otherwise, and when he dies a procession is considered necessary. He may be a member of a beneficial Society, and the members thereof immediately quit work, don their regalia, engage a brass band or two, according to the strength of the Society, and bury him to the sound of martial brass. Would these paraders keep straight on at work and donate the wages they would have earned, the cost of the bands, and flowers, and carriages, and all that, to the family of the deceased, it would be a better thing, but they would not have the parade. The Worthy Chief would miss the opportunity of riding in a carriage, clad in awful and impressive regalia; the Grand Marshal would not have the chance of riding a spirited horse, gaily caparisoned; and the street gamins would miss the chance of following the procession a mile or two and enjoying the music inseparable. A quiet funeral would be as well for the lump of clay in the coffin, and much better for the surviving family, but the populace would be deprived of a show.

THE FIREMEN.

Once a year the firemen have a parade and a brave sight it is. Purely for political purposes the fire department of the City is yet on the volunteer plan. Once a year the entire department parades. The engines are polished and silver-plated, and ornamented to the last degree, the ropes by which they are hauled are as white as driven snow, or as red as blood. Flowers are used in profusion, figures and groups depicting supposed scenes in the life of a fireman are constructed with which to decorate the engines, and no labor or expense is spared to make the show striking and gaudy. On one you shall see an impossible fireman, in the act of receiving a preposterous baby from the hands of a disheveled woman in a night-gown, who is supposed to be escaping from a burning house, the fireman standing recklessly on the rung of the ladder in full array, in a heroic atttitude, with one hand extended for the baby and waving a trumpet with the other. A fireman in the rescuing business would have left his trumpet below, and he would be clinging with the hand thus occupied to the ladder, to the end of not being precipitated to the depths below, but it would not make so effective a tableau to have it as it would be in real life.

It is astonishing what men will do for the pride of display. The annual parade this year was in March, and unusual preparations had been made for it, as this year is an important one in politics. It commenced to rain disheartening while the line was being formed and, increased to such a rain as can only be seen on the Gulf and kept increasing all the day. Through that frightful rain the men dragged their machines, men and horses soaked and dripping, flags and banners bedraggled, and mud under foot to the boot-tops, through all the principal streets, not an inch of the route or an iota of the program being omitted.

Each one of these fire companies is a political club, and each engine house is a political head-quarters. They wield a powerful influence in City politics, and great are the struggles to attain positions in the department. Efforts have been made for years to change the system, and take the department out of politics, but ring managers find it too valuable a help to be dispensed with. It is a source of power, very compact and very easily managed, and it will so continue till some unusually bad administration combines the people outside against it.

However, it is only justice to the department to say, that it is as effective as paid departments, and that as firemen they do their entire duty. They fight fire as well as parade in the rain.

Walter's Lingo.

"Three up, coff!" cried the waiter.

The customer looked curiously to see what the unusual order meant. The waiter brought the customer three small cakes and a cup of coffee.

"One brown buck," cried another waiter. In a few moments he brought the customer a plate of buckwheat cakes done brown.

"Beef and" and "ham and" were frequently heard, and the orders were filled with beef and beans and ham and eggs.

"Give me a plate of beans," he said to the waiter.

"One plate of Boston strawberries," yelled that functionary.

The old gentleman was started, butoons received his favorite dish at a cost of 10 cents, while New York strawberries would cost him 50.

"Cincinnati quail, have it fat," was the next order.

The cook cut off a large slice of fat pork and put it on the range.

"All waiters," said the proprietor, who sat at the door to see that no man escaped without paying his bill, "have a system of abbreviation and a peculiar nomenclature for food. Some of our customers know this technical form of ordering so well that they use it themselves."

A well dressed man here entered and taking a seat at the table, ordered the waiter to bring him two fishballs.

"One sleeve-buttons," cried the waiter while the cook softly repeated, "sleeve-buttons."—*New York Dial.*

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Blaine is almost a vegetarian.

M. Zola loves wine, cigarets and solitude.

All the United States Senators but two wear spectacles.

Lawrence Barrett gives good dinners and draws well in London.

The Rothschilds own $400,000,000 of United States bonds.

Prince Bismark was once admonished for whistling on the Sabbath day in Scotland.

A Chicago drummer has been bitten by a Michigan mad dog. His friends are anxiously waiting to see what effect it will have —on the dog.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

De good man outen place ain' 'spected no more den de bad man is. De corn whut grows 'twixt de rows is plowed up jes' de same ez de weed.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Piute Indian named No-thank-you-I-don't-drink, who recently moved to Bismarck, Dakota, petitioned the court to have his name changed the second week he was in town.

A West End bank in London, with a humor that half atones for the tyranny of the act, has issued an order that "gentlemen must not wear beards or mustaches during office hours."

England's nobility are gradually becoming patrons of the new art of "wheeling." Earl Granville may be seen almost any day riding his tricycle from Wabner Castle to Deal and the Prince of Wales makes occasional journeys on a bicycle.

"Are you familiar with Bryant?" asked a young lady of a timid young man whom she was trying to draw out. "Oh, yes," he replied proudly, brightening up, "I graduated at one of his business colleges."—*Philadelphia Record.*

If some Yankee would invent an "old bachelor's needle" he would make a fortune. The needle need not differ greatly from other needles, except at the eye, which should be about an inch in diameter.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Chicago paper enumerates these things which every man can do better than anyone else: Poke a fire, put on his own hat, edit a newspaper, tell a story—after another man has commenced it—and examine a railway time table.

The latest fashionable disease in England is a species of asthma, caused by the smell of a horse. The Duchess of Argyll and a son of the Marquis of Salisbury are among its victims. The fashionable doctor has written that it can only be cured "homeopathically by sleeping for a night above a stable, and grinning and bearing the misery without taking any remedy.

It is claimed that fewer men are excused from jury duty in Philadelphia than any City in the country. The Judges have entire charge of the matter, and most of them are very particular. They take few excuses. Deafness and diseases that prevent long sitting long in one position are the principal ones. In that City even members of the bar sit on juries.

About 100 stoats and weasels, which had been caught with considerable difficulty in different parts of Lincolnshire by a vermin catcher, have just been sent to New Zealand. They have been purchased by the Government of that country for the purpose of destroying the rabbits which overrun the colony. One thousand five hundred live pigeons have been shipped for the consumption of the animals during the voyage.

PRESIDENTIAL FAVORITES.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Men Who Stand Closest to the Chief Executive.

Visitors who from curiosity or business, have called at the White House, must have been impressed by the courteous yet systematic manner with which they were received and escorted through the mansion. The gentlemen whose duty it is to receive all persons coming to the White House are Col. E. S. Denmore, Mr. John T. Rickard and Mr. T. F. Pendel, and they have occupied their present positions through the various administrations since and even during the war. Mr. Pendel was President Lincoln's body-guard; saw him to his carriage the fatal night on which he visited Ford's theater, and he now has in his possession the blood-stained coat which Mr. Lincoln wore on that memorable occasion. There is not a public man in America to-day who does not know, and is not known by these gentlemen, and the reminiscences of public and social life which they can recount would fill a Congressional volume. During the weary yet exciting years of war; through the more peaceful times of Grant's administration; while Hayes held the reins of government, and when Garfield was shot, it was these men who stood in the executive mansion, welcoming the advent of each new administration, bowing at its departure, and receiving both martyrs through its portals.

During that long, hot and never to be forgotten Summer when President Garfield lay between "two worlds," the nation became aware of the deadly malarial influence which hung about the White House. But all through that period these three men never deserted their posts for a single day, although each one was suffering intensely. In conversation with the writer, Colonel Densmore said:

"It is impossible to describe the tortures I have undergone. To be compelled to smile and treat the thousands of visitors who come here daily with courtesy when one is in the greatest agony requires a tremendou effort. All that Summer I had terrible headaches, heart-burn and a stifling sensation that sometimes took away my breath. My appetite was uncertain and I felt severe paines in the small of my back. I was under the doctor's care with strict instructions not to go out of the house but I remained on duty nevertheless. You would be surprised to know the amount of quinine I took; on some days it was as much as sixteen grains."

"And was Mr. Rickard badly off, too?"

"I should think he was. Why, time and again we have picked him up and laid him on the mantel, here in the vestibule, he was so used up."

"Yes," exclaimed Mr. Rickard, "I was so weak I could not rise after lying down without help, and could only walk with the aid of two canes, and then in a stooping position. Oh, we have been in a pretty bad condition here, all of us."

"And yet you are all the embodiment of health," said the writer, as he looked at the three bright and vigorous men before him.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Rickard, "we have not known what sickness was for more than a year."

"Have you some secret way of overcoming malaria and its attendant horrors?"

"I think we have a most certain way," replied Colonel Densmore, "but it is no secret. You see, about two years ago my wife began to grow blind, and I was alarmed at her condition. She finally became so she could not tell whether a person were white or black at a distance of ten feet. One of her lady friends advised her to try a certain treatment that had done wonders for her, and to make a long story short, she did so and was completely cured. This induced me to try the same means for my own restoration, and as I found it was doing me good I recommended it to my associates, and we have all been cured right here in the stronghold of malaria and kept in perfect health ever since by means of Warner's Safe Cure. Now I am not a believer in medicines in general, but I do not hesitate to say that I am satisfied I should have died of Bright's disease of the kidney before this had it not been for this wonderful remedy. Indeed, I use it as a household medicine and give it to my children whenever they have any ailments."

"Yes," exclaimed Mr. Pendel, "I use it in my family all the while, and have found it the most efficient remedy we have ever employed. I know of very many public men who are using it to-day, and they all speak well of it."

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day," said Mr. Rickard, "and when my physicians told me over a year ago I could not hope to recover, I weighed 122 pounds. Under such influences, you cannot wonder that I consider this the best medicine before the American people."

The above statements from these gentlemen need no comments. They are voluntary and outspoken expressions from sources which are the highest in the land. Were the slightest question regarding their authenticity they would not be made public, but as they furnish such valuable truths for all who are suffering, we unhesitatingly publish them for the good of all.

FOR THE LADIES.

The New London, Conn., High School girls are becoming adepts in ball-catching. They practice every day, and will soon be able to put a good team on the diamond.

It should be said, in justice to the Father of his Country, that the New Jersey centenarian whom George Washington is said to have kissed did not look then as she does now.—*New York Graphic.*

"Avoirdupois sociables" are the rage in Pottawattomie County, Ia. Each young lady is weighed on entering the dining room, and her escort pays for her supper at the rate of one-half cent a pound on her weight.

Walking has become fashionable at Washington, and every pleasant day scores of ladies of high degree who used to ride invariably when taking the air may now be seen making long tramps up and down the avenues.

An Indiana woman wanted $50,000 from a man who kissed her 3,000 times, and an Indiana jury gave her $30,000. The man who strikes a woman cold-blooded enough to keep a tally on kisses deserves unlimited sympathy.—*Detroit Evening Journal!*

London newspapers fill us with gloom by announcing that Ellen Terry will not support Irving in his next American season. The reasons alleged are that she is heartily homesick, and the general malarial character of the American continent does not suit her constitution.

It is the feminine fashion in London just now to go and hear Moody and Sankey, but a young lady writes to the *Morning Post* that Moody so shocked her and others by saying "I guess Bartholomeous was in a hurry to get home to see what his wife was like," that they have ceased going.

An ingenious theatrical mechanic has devised an electric lighted ballet. The young women will have stars in their hair, and the stage will be darkened for a moment only to be instantaneously illuminated with hundreds of girls in armor, every point in their stage harness picked out with light.

It appears from a recent lawsuit in the Paris Civil Court, brought against Mlle. Marguerite Ugalde of the Nouveautes Theater by a ladies' shoemaker, that the only difference between a kid and a suede shoe is that the one is made of the right and the other of the wrong side of the same kind of leather.

The widow of the famous Mexican General, Santa Anna, is now living quietly in her native State, and seldom intrudes into the outer world. Mrs. Santa Anna is but 48 years old, though it is a wonder she does not look a hundred. Santa Anna was President of Mexico three years before she was born. She was plighted to him in her cradle, and married him when she was 13. He was then a military dictator, sleeping on his sword, beset by constant peril. In six months he had lost a leg and got into a Texas prison. For 20 years her life was spent in a camp, surrounded by the whirl of warfare. Her husband was five times President of Mexico, four times Military Dictator in absolute power. He was banished, recalled, banished again, and finally died when with his wife in exile as a traitor. She has seen much "glory," and has received unlimited admiration, but she hardly ever enjoyed one thoroughly peaceful month in her life.

CURIOUS, BUT NOT TRUTHFUL.

A new poem is entitled, "A Symposium in Bonnets." A symposium is all right, perhaps, but what we like to see in bonnets is pretty faces.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"Any one would know he was a murderer," exclaimed a man in Court, pointing to a man standing in the dock. "That isn't the murderer; that is a court officer, the man seated before him the murderer," whispered a friend. Assassins are often innocent-looking chaps.—*Boston Globe.*

Madam (in horror)—"Mercy on us, Bridget, what have you been doing?" Bridget (returning from the cellar with her hands full of lobster's claws)—"Howly Virgin protect us! I have just killed one of the largest cockroaches, a-crawlin' over yez cellar-bottom, that I iver see in me life!"—*Life.*

"I don't see why you are so particular about about your hair," said a churlish husband. "I don't suppose Eve ever wore bangs." "I don't suppose she did," replied the wife, with a quiet smile, "but then there was nobody in the world but her husband to admire her." The husband became very thoughtful.—*Somerville Journal.*

The Camp Fire.

SEASONABLE MEMORIES.

OPENING OF THE FINAL CAMPAIGN AGAINST RICHMOND.

One year after Hooker had withdrawn the beaten Army of the Potomac back across the Rappahannock, it re-crossed that historic river for the last time, and at last began an advance upon the Rebel capital which was to know no retreat, but end in the destruction of the antagonist who had resisted it so long and so stubbornly.

In March 1864, Maj. Gen. Grant, whose victories on the Mississippi and around Chattanooga, had made him the foremost of our commanders, was called East, raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and put in command of all the armies of the United States. He looked the ground over very carefully, and decided to make his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac. He retained in command of that army Gen. Geo. G. Meade, who had been a member of it since its organization, and under whose leadership it had won the great victory of Gettysburg. Since that battle Gen. Meade had made two or three advances across the Rapidan, for the purpose of bringing Lee to battle, but found every time that that skillful antagonist had secured all the conditions in his own favor, and so Meade had found it expedient to retire.

By this time the Rebels had concentrated the greater part of their strength into two large armies—one under Lee to defend Richmond, and the other under Joe Johnson, to defend Atlanta. Our people did likewise. The command of the army that was to operate against Atlanta was give to Gen. Sherman.

Gen. Grant organized his campaign against Richmond—or more properly Lee's army, which he declared to be his real objective—by forming three heavy columns which were to move against Richmond, from as many different directions. The main column was, of course, the Army of the Potomac, which he reorganized and greatly strengthened.

He consolidated its five corps into three—the Second, Fifth and Sixth. Each of these was put under command of a General who had proved his eminent soldership in the sternest trial of battle. Gen. Hancock, to whom was intrusted the Second Corps, was the ideal of a soldierly leader, of magnificent presence, magnetic nature, high courage, and a poise of mind that never failed under any stress of excitement, he was such a man as Napoleon would have delighted in for a Marshal. Gen. Sedgwick, who commanded the Sixth Corps, had those grand, steadfast qualities, which made Geo. H. Thomas idolized by the Army of the Cumberland. Gen. Warren, to whom was given the Fifth Corps, was a superb soldier and commander, but it was charged that his early education as an Engineer tended to make him slower and more careful than his colleagues. Gen. Burnside joined the army with his Ninth Corps, with which he had been operating in East Tennessee, and was allowed, on account of his seniority to Meade, to command it as an independent Corps. It had its strength greatly increased by the addition of a division of colored troops. The cavalry was put under the command of Gen. P. H. Sheridan, and for the first time in its history, that magnificent body of horsemen had a leader worthy of them. On the morning of the 30th of April the reports showed that the strength of the great column which stood ready to be launched across the Rappahannock was in round numbers 110,000 men.

Confronting it, and ready to inaugurate one of the most terribly bloody campaigns that the world ever saw, was Lee's army of Northern Virginia, who report of "present for duty" May 1, showed the following actual fighting strength:

Infantry	48,710
Artillery	4,857
Cavalry	8,500
Total	63,067

The other two columns were one of about 30,000 men under Gen. Butler, who was ordered to move up the south side of the James, and seize the City of Petersburg, by which all the communications of Richmond with the South would be cut off. The other—about 17,000 strong.—was put under the command of Gen. Sigel, who was directed to move up the Shenandoah, and deprive Lee of the supplies which that rich region afforded.

The 3d of May was the day set for all the columns, both east of the Alleganies and west of them, to begin their movement against the enemy, who was thenceforward to be struck incessantly and heavily, without a moment's respite, anywhere, until the life was pounded out of the Confederacy.

At midnight on the 3d of May the Army of the Potomac left its camp in two great columns, and advanced across the Rapidan, following much the same general plan which had governed Hooker's skillful advance of the year before. There was no serious opposition, and the morning of Thursday, May 5, saw 100,000 men south of the Rapidan, and menacing the right flank of Lee's fortified lines. To reach this, however, it was necessary to march through a dense growth of pines and shrubbery which had sprung up since the first original forest had been cut off, and which bore the appropriate name of the "The Wilderness."

This was so dense that it could be marched through only with the greatest difficulty; cavalry was utterly useless in it, and artillery scarcely more so. Lee boldly determined to encounter his foe in the depths of this tangled chapparel, where the superiority of the force against him would be entirely neutralized. As the Union troops entered the Wilderness they met with opposition, which grew in strength and determination, until about noon a regular battle opened between a Union division under the command of Wadsworth, and a Rebel force under Ewell. The result was disastrous to the Union forces which lost about 8,000 men. Other troops hurried up on both sides, as fast as the nature of the country would admit, and as each came within range, it went into action with a vim. A savage wrestle ensued, which lasted until darkness put an end to the conflict. The Union line of battle was formed at daybreak the next morning, with Sedgwick and Warren on the right, and Burnside and Hancock on the left. It faced the west, and was about five miles long. Both Union and Rebel commanders were full of fight, and eager to strike. Fifteen minutes before the time ordered by Grant for the general attack, Lee opened with a furious attack on our right to cover his main attack on the left, by which he hoped to cut off Grant's communications. Hancock, Sedgwick and Warren responded with strong attacks on the Rebels, and a few minutes after 5 o'clock the battle became general. After an hour's slaughter the Rebels were beaten back at all points, and driven about a mile and a half. But the woods and thickets were so dense,—in no place could any one see more more than a few yards in any direction,—that the advancing Union line was so badly scattered and disorganized that a halt was deemed necessary to re-form it. This gave the Rebels time to recover themselves. In the meanwhile Longstreet was carrying out a flank movement like that which had been so successful on nearly the same ground against Howard and Hooker the year before. But this time he had Hancock to deal with, and that officer was already moving in such a way that it speedily became evident that Longstreet would have all he could do to take care of himself. In the midst of this Longstreet was shot off his horse, and Hancock made good use of the suspension of the attack which followed the disabling of its directing genius. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Lee came up in person to carry out Longstreet's plan, and directed a fierce assault against the position which Hancock had fortified. It was driven back with great loss, but the woods taking fire, and even the logs which formed Hancock's ramparts blazing up fiercely with the wind in his face, the Union troops had to fall back a short distance. The Rebels renewed their charge, and seemed likely to succeed in it, but were at last driven back again.

When the morning of the third day (Saturday, May 7,) came, both sides were so bruised and sore from the terrible fighting that neither was in the humor for farther offensive movements. They lay and watched each other all day, and when night came the Union troops silently moved out and began marching to the left—a tireless, persistent manuver, which was to be maintained for nearly a year, and end in the capture of the Rebel army.

The battle of the Wilderness, which cost the Unionists 15,000 and the Rebels 8,000 men, was really a defeat for both sides. Grant had expected to crush Lee's left flank and inflict a demoralizing blow. Lee had as confidently anticipated driving the Army of the

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are safe to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondent's Department."

F. M., Pemberville, O.:
Were Horace Greeley and Jefferson Davis related?

No.

F. C., New Bethleham, Pa.:
Is there any Philosophical Society in Philadelphia?

Yes; address the Secretary.

X., (no postoffice): Tickets of admission to the Republican National Convention will be divided pro rata among the delegtes, and will be given out by them.

C. D. S., (no postoffice):
Has the Republican party had control of the State Legislature of New York for more than six years in the last 16 years?

Yes.

W. B. Stockard, Beloit, Kas.:
Was James Hubble, of Delaware, O., ever elected to Congress from the District that Delaware is in?

Yes; in 1861-67.

A. M. A., Ridgeville, Ind.:
Was Gen. Cass ever President of the United States?

No; he was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1848.

B. T. H., West Liberty, Pa.:
Can the Congressional Record be had by sending your name to the Printer, or will the money have to accompany the name?

The money must accompany the order. Uncle Sam does a cash business.

M. L. O., Manhattan, Kan.:
1. How far is the Missouri River navigable for steamboats? 2. Was there a machine invented to go across the prairie from Leavenworth to Colorado?

1. About 2,500 miles. 2. Never heard of it.

J. W. F., Duke Center, Pa.:
Is selling newspapers on the streets on Sunday a violation of law? Is it a violation of law to sell books of any description on Sunday?

In some places it is and in some it is not. It is regulated by local or State legislation.

T. A. C., Rosebud, Wis.:
Please tell me how many miles an hour does the water in the Mississippi River run from St. Paul to St. Louis, to Cairo, to New Orleans, to its mouth.

The velocity varies from 1.65 to 2.66 miles per hour, according to the direction of the wind.

L. M. H., Bentonville, Ark.:
1. Please inform me where I can procure a copy of a book written by Miss Emma Ella Carroll on "Knownothingism." 2. Where can the best Republican campaign expounders in the form of speeches be had?

1. Write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O. 2. Apply to the Chairman of your Republican County Central Committee.

J. F., Ferrypolis, Pa.:
Who was the wife of Maximilian, the late Emperor of Mexico?

July 27, 1857, he married the Princess Charlotte, daughter of Leopold I, and sister of the present King of the Belgians. His death rendered her insane.

T. W. C., Hatfield, Mass.:
Please tell us how to clean the black stain from white marble headstones.

Take 1 ox-gall, 1 wineglass soap lees, ½ wineglass turpentine, mix and make into a paste with pipe clay. Put on the paste over the stain and let it remain for several days. If the stain is not fully removed a second application will prove sufficient.

W. O. T., Somerset, Ky.:
Please state the proportion of soldiers the North and South each sent to the Mexican war.

The number of volunteers furnished by the Southern States was 46,294, and by the Northern States, 21,441. These figures do not include the men engaged in the regular army at the breaking out of the war.

W. T., Olathe, Kan.:
1. How long has Switzerland been a Republic? 2. What is the President's salary? 3. Are the citizens of Switzerland bound in any way to serve as soldiers or police; if so, under what circumstances?

1. Since 1848. 2. £600 per annum. 3. Every citizen of the Republic not disabled by bodily defect or ill health is liable to military service at the age of 20. Before being placed on the rolls of the Bundesauszug, he has to undergo a training of 20 to 45 days.

S. H., Newark, Licking County, O.:
I wish to know if there is a town called Corpus Christie what County it is in, and any information that has it, how long has it been settled; by whom was it settled; is there any railroad near the town; in what part of the State is it; is there a Postoffice?

Yes; the Capital of Nueces County, Tex., on Corpus Christie Bay. It is the terminus of the Corpus Christie, San Diego & Rio Grande Railroad; population about 3,500. It has a Postoffice.

J. A. C., Sandy Lake, Pa.:
1. In dividing the word "England," I see Webster in his dictionary makes the first syllable "En," while most papers and magazines divide it on "Eng." Which method should be used? 2. What does the term "Bohemian" mean, when applied to those connected with newspapers? 3. How did the phrase "higher than Gilderoy's kite" originate? 4. How did the words "Simon Pure" come into use? 5. What is the true name of "Bill Arp?" 6. What is considered the best work of Dickens? 7. Is it required that newspapers shall say "This paper is entered at the postoffice as second-class matter?" 8. Should the word "united" be divided on the letter "i."

1. "Eng" looks better in print. 2. Shiftless and careless, but rarely with the pen. 3. Cannot say. 4. Simon Pure is the name of a Pennsylvania Quaker in the comedy, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." 5. Charles H. Smith. 6. Opinions differ. "Dombey and Son," "Pickwick Papers," "Bleak House"—in fact, nearly all of Dickens' works are "just splendid." 7. Yes. 8. No.

W. T. B., Maryville, Mo.:
What is the sort of the "salary grab" which increased the President's salary made retroactive?

No.

Subscriber:
How often do the tides rise and fall?

The tides ebb and flow twice a day, but the corresponding tide is always later than the day before, by the same amount, on the average, that the moon is later. Hence, at any one place, the tides always occur when the moon is near the same point of her apparent diurnal course. The sun produces a tide as well as the moon, the force which it exerts on the two sides of the earth being the same. The tide-producing force of the sun is about four-tenths of that of the moon. At new and full moon the two bodies unite their forces, and the result is that the ebb and flow are greater than the average, and we have the "spring-tides." When the moon is in her first or third quarter, the two forces act against each other; the tide-producing force is the difference of the two, the ebb and flow are less than the average, and we have the "neap tides."

E. H. O., Oswego, Kas.:
Please give a short history of Thomas a Kempis.

His family name was Hamerken (Latinized, Malleolus, "Little-hammer"), and called Thomas a Kempis from his native place, Kempen, a village in the diocese of Cologne. He was born in 1379, educated at Deventer, and in 1400 entered the Augustinian convent of Agnetenberg, in the diocese of Utrecht, in which he took the vows in 1406, and was ordained priest in 1413. His whole life appears to have been spent in the seclusion of this convent, where he lived to the extreme old age of 90 or 92. His life was devoted to the study of the Scriptures and the transcription of Biblical manuscripts. Besides his most famous work, "De Imitatione Christi," and several ascetic treatises, he wrote the chronicle of the monastery of Mount St. Agnes down to 1471. His "De Imitatione Christi" has been many times translated into every civilized language, including Greek and Hebrew; there are upward of 60 different versions in French alone, and 500 different editions of it issued within the present century.

A. S., Virden, Ill.:
Is a man allowed to vote that was drafted during the rebellion and deserted before he went to the army?

Yes.

J. M. J., Brownstown, Ind.:
Where are Christopher Columbus' remains now?

His remains were conveyed in 1796 to the Cathedral of Havana, where they now repose.

L. S., Leona, Kan.:
Whom shall I address for full particulars concerning the medical springs at Three Rivers, Mich.?

Direct to the Postmaster, with request to hand to the proper official.

W. J., Conway, Kan.:
1. Was Col. Ingersoll in the War of the Rebellion? 2. Was he taken prisoner? 3. Give a short sketch of his military life.

1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. The foregoing is as short as we can make it.

O. S., St. Jacob, Ill.:
Was the educational test as to qualification of voters ever enforced in this or any other country? 2. Is church property taxed in any country?

There are property qualifications in some countries that do not apply to the learned professions. 2. Yes.

Sub., Westover, Md.:
What States, also what Territories, have Commissioners of Immigration? Please publish the names and address of one in each State and Territory.

Louisiana, Michigan, Mississippi, New Mexico. 2. Address Commissioner of Immigration, at the capital of the State or Territory.

J. C. O., Cany Branch, Tenn.:
Give a sketch of the life of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Born near Bound Brook, N. J., January 7, 1832. Graduated from the University of New York in 1853, and from the New Brunswick Theological Seminary in 1856. Ordained as a minister at Belleville, N. Y., where he remained three years. He was pastor of the Second Reform Church, Philadelphia, 1859-1869, and since April, 1869, has been the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

L. J. S., (no Postoffice).
1. Can a man owning 15 or 20 acres of land, homestead land in another State? 2. Can a soldier owning a small farm take up his soldier claim? 3. Does the son of a foreigner have to become naturalized to vote, he having been born in the old country, but brought here when small and raised here? The father has taken out naturalization papers.

1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. It is a disputed point, never having been settled by the United States Supreme Court, we believe. It has been held in some States that the father, in complying with the naturalization laws, is all that is necessary. It is safer, however, for the children to take the oath as they become of age.

A. M. (no postoffice):
1. Where can I get complete information respecting patents? 2. How can I learn whether my inventions are already patented or are infringements of patents? 3. Is it necessary to employ a solicitor of patents?

1. Write to F. A. Lehman, Washington, D. C. 2. By employing a solicitor to examine the records. 3. If you have any doubt about the matter it is best to employ a solicitor to look after your interests. The application for a patent should be made in the name of the inventor, and the petition and specification must be signed by him. An inventor may appoint an attorney, or may sell or assign all his interest in an invention; still the patent papers, on making the application, must be signed and sworn by the inventor; otherwise they will not be received by the Commissioner of Patents. All persons, without any distinction as to nationality, can take American patents on the same terms as citizens. Caveats can only be filed by citizens and those who have resided in this country a year and declared their intentions to become citizens. Foreigners cannot file caveats. We have given the above in answer to numerous inquiries on the same subject. Some ask if this or that has been patented, whether such a patent would pay, how much it would cost to obtain a patent, and many other questions. We have no means of knowing just what has been patented, nor the remotest idea whether a patent on a certain article would pay or not. The only way to find out is to secure your patent and try. You may make your fortune, and you may have your expense for nothing. We append a schedule of United States patent fees, but this does not include attorney's fees, if you employ one: On filing each application for a patent, $10; on issuing each original patent (17 years), $20; application for reissue, $30; application for extension, $50; granting extension of patent (seven years), $50; on each caveat, $10; on appeal to Examiner-in-Chief, $10; on appeal to Commissioner of Patents, $20; on filing a disclaimer, $10; on application for design (3½ years), $10; same (seven years), $15; same (14 years), $30; for certified copies of patents and other papers, 10 cents per 100 words; for recording assignment, power or attorney, etc., 300 words or under, $1; over 300 and under 1,000 words, $2; over 1,000 words, $3; for copies of drawings, the reasonable cost of making them. Patent fees may be paid to the Commissioner, or to the Treasurer, or any of the Assistant Treasurers of the United States, or to any of the designated depositories, National banks, or Receivers of Public Money, designated by the Secretary of the Treasury for that purpose, who shall give the depositor a receipt or certificate therefor.

M. O. W., New Castle, Ind.:
1. What persons comprised the Lake School of Poets? 2. Tell me something concerning the whirlpools of Scylla and Charybdis. 3. Give a sketch of the life of Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily.

1. Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge were regarded as the chief representatives, but Lamb, Lloyd and Wilson were also included. It was a nickname given by British critics, because these poets haunted for some years about the Lakes of Cumberland, and were thought to have united on some settled theory or principle of composition and style. 2. Charybdis was a famous whirlpool in the Strait of Messina, between Sicily and Italy, and close to the rocky promontory of Scylla, very terrible to ancient navigators, since the pilot who was not so skillful as to steer right between them was sure to perish, either in the gulf of the former, or against the rock of the latter—complete destruction inevitably following the loss of the middle passage. 3. He was born in Syracuse, about 430 B. C. In the perpetual wars with the Carthaginians, Dionysius, though a plain citizen, gave such repeated proofs of courage, eloquence, and military skill, that he came to be regarded by the Syracusians with especial marks of favor. Backing up his influence by the utmost powers of his eloquence, he, in one of these harangues, threw such grave accusations on the honor and patriotism of the Magistracy, that the people, carried away by the force of his eloquence, immediately deposed their rulers and invested absolute authority in Dionysius, who lost no time in consolidating his power, surrounding himself by a body of life guards of nearly 1,000 men, each one bound to his person by individual motives of interest and the recompense of enormous pay. He never trusted himself with the people, unless surrounded with his body-guards, and when he had occasion to address the citizens he did so from the top of a high tower. His bedroom was situated on the top of the house, and completely detached from the palace by a draw-bridge, which he always pulled up himself. He constantly wore a coat of mail under his dress, for fear of assassination. He murdered his barber because he had said he was the only man who had ever approached the tyrant, then compelled his daughters to shave him by turns, till, growing distrustful of them, discontinued shaving altogether, and adopted the custom of singeing off his beard. The Syracusians, goaded to madness by his tyrannies, rose up in arms against him, but the tyrant always found means or artifices to defeat all their attempts. Finally growing weary of this kind of life, Dionysius resolved to rule with justice and moderation. This change of heart, his generosity to many of the cities which he subjugated, and his triumph over the hereditary enemy (the Carthaginians) gained him the good-will of his subjects. He aspired to be a poet, and though his effusions were hooted and hissed, he persevered till he was finally awarded a prize. Elated at his success, he ordered a series of public rejoicings, and invited the whole City to Syracuse to meet him at a public feast. Here Dionysius ate and drank so much that it produced an indigestion, which three days after put a period to his existence, after a reign of 38 years. Another account says his death was hastened by his physician, at the instigation of his son, who succeeded him. The son celebrated his entrance into public life by a festival which lasted 90 days. His political education had been designedly neglected by his father, and he grew up an indolent, pleasure-loving and dissolute prince. Being expelled from Syracuse, he fled to Locri, the birthplace of his mother, where he was hospitably received. He repaid the Locrians by making himself master of their city, which he ruled despotically for several years. He eventually returned to Syracuse, but could not firmly re-establish himself. His cruelties drove the citizens to ask the aid of the Corinthians against him, and he was compelled to surrender 343 B. C. He was brought to Corinth, where he associated with the vilest characters, soon squandered all his wealth, and ended his days in wretchedness and obscurity.

M. F. N., White Lake, Dak.: Write to Wisner & Co., 146 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nameless (no Postoffice):
Has a father the right to sell land that has been given to one of his children, and use the money in business, regardless of any one.

Think not.

J. A. C., Montgomery, Ind.:
Will some one inform me where second-hand printing outfits, consisting of good hand presses, type, etc., can be had?

Write to Franklin Type Foundry, Cincinnati, Ohio.

F. J. F., Richland, Ia.:
1. Where can I get magazines bound neatly and cheap? 2. Do arrangers for music of brass bands have to get permission of the copyright holders?

1. Blade Printing and Paper Company, Toledo, O. 2. Think they do.

A. A., Chamois, Mo.:
1. Has the lands of any railroad company been restored to the public domain? 2. Is there a law giving the Secretary of War power to compel the alteration of bridges spanning navigable streams?

1. No; but the matter is being discussed in Congress. 2. Think there is.

H. E. R., Marionville, Mo.:
1. Where is Texas Siftings published? 2. Is there any place in the United States where one might serve an apprenticeship to the stage? 3. Where can Blaine's book be had?

1. Austin, Tex. 2. All large cities have "professors," who give instructions. 3. Wait till it is printed, and the woods will be full of agents.

J. E. D., Hillbuck, O.:
1. Will a soldier of the O. N. G., wounded at Cincinnati, get a pension? 2. What Republicans voted for the Porter bill? 3. Is a cent made in 1846 worth any more than one cent?

1. Guess not. 2. The vote has been published several times. Read the BLADE. 3. Think not; you might as well spend it.

Subscriber, Gratz, Pa.:
Give a short sketch of the life of Gen. Longstreet.

Born in Alabama in 1820; graduated at West Point in 1842. Entering the Fourth Infantry, he became First Lieutenant, Eighth Infantry, February 23, 1847, was Adjutant in 1847-9, Brevet Captain August 20, 1847, and Major, September 8; was severely wounded at Chapultepec. Was made Paymaster, July 19, 1858, and resigned June 1, 1861. Made Brigadier General in the Confederate Army, October 1, 1861, having previously commanded the Fourth Brigade of Beauregard's First Corps at Bull Run. Made Major General in 1862, and Lieutenant General in 1864. He was in the battles of the Peninsula campaign and that against Pope; commanded the right wing at Antietam and the left at Fredricksburg; commanded the first corps at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg, at Chicamauga. Was dangerously wounded at the Wilderness in 1864. Participated in the battles and operations of Lee's army in Virginia in 1864-5, and surrendered with Lee in 1865.

Reader, Harrisonville, Mo.:
1. Is there any tariff on wheat? If so, how much? 2. Does Canada raise any wheat for export? If so, in what quantity? 3. If Canada raises wheat for export, and a free trade system was adopted, would not Canada feed New York and deprive us of that market for our wheat? 4. If Canada exports wheat, and there is a tariff on wheat, barley, potatos, horses, wool, sugar, hay, etc., why does not Mr. Kelly, the BLADE, or some other Protectionist, use these facts for the instruction of the farmers, who sadly need it, instead of reflecting their arguments to the manufacturers, who are already convinced? "It is not they that are *whole* that need a physician, but they that are *sick*." One farmer here says the Government pays to the home manufacturer the difference in the prices of the imported and the home-made article. The farmers are an important element in politics, and equally so with the manufacturers, and an absence of definite ideas makes free traders of a majority of them. 5. Would it not be a good idea for the Protectionists to let the free traders try their pet idea of free trade on one article—sugar—and if it worked well in that case they would admit the correctness and give the principle an extended application? 6. Give list of farm products, with rate of tariff.

1. Yes, 20 cents per bushel. 2. Yes. The trade of Canada is chiefly with the United States and Great Britain, the greater part of the imports being derived from the United States, and the greater part of the exports going to Great Britain. In 1882 the total exports of flour and grain amounted to £23,272,797, of which £1,451,682 was for wheat, £67,313 for oats, £360,974 for maize or Indian corn, £263,680 for wheat-meal and flour, the remainder comprising peas, oatmeal and other kinds of breadstuffs. 4-5. If you had been a careful reader of the BLADE you would have noticed before this that these questions have been discussed at length. We cannot go over the same ground every week. 6. This list has also been given in the BLADE, but as you seem to be a new subscriber, we republish it: Animals, live, 20 per centum ad valorem; beef and pork, 1 cent per pound; hams and bacon, 2 cents per pound; meat, extract of, 20 per centum ad valorem; cheese, 4 cents per pound; butter, and substitutes therefor, 4 cents per pound; lard, 2 cents per pound; wheat, 20 cents per bushel; rye and barley, 10 cents per bushel, barley, pearled, patent, or hulled, ½ cent per pound; barley malt, per bushel of 34 pounds, 20 cents; Indian corn or maize, 10 cents per bushel; oats, 10 cents per bushel; corn meal, 10 cents per bushel of 48 pounds; oat meal, ½ cent per pound; rye flour, ½ cent per pound; wheat flour, 20 per centum ad valorem; potato or corn starch, 2 cents per pound; rice starch, 2½ cents per pound; other starch, 2½ cents per pound; rice, cleaned, 2¼ cents per pound; uncleaned, 1½ cents per pound; hay $2 per ton; honey, 20 cents per gallon; hops, 8 cents per pound; milk, preserved or condensed, 20 per centum ad valorem; mackerel, 1 cent per pound; herrings, pickled or salted, ½ cent per pound; salmon, pickled, 1 cent per pound; other fish, pickled, in barrels, 1 cent per pound; foreign-caught fish, imported otherwise than in barrels, whether fresh, smoked, dried, salted or pickled, not specially enumerated or provided for in this act, 50 cents per 100 pounds; salmon, and all other fish, prepared or preserved, and prepared meats of all kinds, not specially enumerated or provided for in this act, 25 per centum ad valorem; pickles and sauces, of all kinds not otherwise specially enumerated or provided for in this act, 35 per centum ad valorem; potatoes, 15 cents per bushel of 60 pounds; vegetables, in their natural state, or in salt or brine, not specially enumerated or provided for in this act, 10 per centum ad valorem; vegetables, prepared or preserved, of all kinds, not otherwise provided for, 30 per centum ad valorem; vinegar, 7½ cents per pound; lemons, in boxes of capacity not exceeding 2½ cubic feet, 30 cents per box; in one-half boxes, capacity not exceeding 1¼ cubic feet, 15 cents per half box; in bulk $2 per thousand; lemons and oranges, in packages not specially enumerated or provided for in this act, 20 per centum ad valorem; limes and grapes, 20 per centum ad valorem; raisins, 2 cents per pound; fruits, preserved in their own juices, and fruit juice, 20 per centum ad valorem; comfits, sweetmeats or fruits preserved in sugar, spirits, syrup or molasses, not otherwise specified or provieed for in this act, and jellies of all kinds, 35 per centum ad valorem.

Delayed Subscriptions.

[NOTE—Subscribers wishing a change in their postoffice address must, in all cases, give their FORMER as well as their PRESENT address.]

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1, dated at Sonora, no County or State, signed Thos. Ainsley.

Letter containing $1, no name postmarked at Roanoke, Ind., no name or order.

Letter containing $1, no date, orders specimen copies for Thos. Jones, D. H. Burnett and others.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed G. Drummond.

Letter containing 10c., no address, signed A. P. Higley.

Letter containing $1, no name or address.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed H. E. Barr.

Letter containing money order No. 1,565 for $1.10, postmarked Scio, Oregon, no order or name.

Letter containing $1, from New Lisbon, Wis., no order or name.

Letter containing $1, no date, signed W. Y. Smith.

Letter containing 30c, dated at Mariana, no State, signed Mrs. R. A. Sexton.

Letter containing 30c., no date, signed Wm Campbell.

Letter containing $1, dated at Westerville, Neb., no signature.

Letter containing $1, from Jefferson, O., no signature.

Letter containing 30c, no date, signed William Sylvis.

Letter containing $2, dated at Westport, Cal., signed Alex. Gordon, no order.

Letter containing $1, dated at Hammond, no State, signed Z. S. Keyes, P. M.

Parties remitting money or express order SHOULD ALWAYS give their name and address. We often get money without either, and afterwards inquiries as to the receipt of the money. Our patrons will please bear this in mind, as we can do nothing without their NAME and ADDRESS IN FULL.

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Every Soldier disabled in service and in line of duty, by wound, injury or disease, is entitled to pension. Widows, Minor Children, Dependent Father or Mother, or minor brothers and sisters of soldiers, whose death was due to military service, are entitled. Thousands of Pensioners Entitled to Increase. Honorable Discharges, and Certificates of Lost Discharges, obtained. Charge of desertion removed. Horse claims payable to January, 1884. Bounty still due in many cases. Send 4c. in postage for New Laws, Rulings and Decisions. N. S. BURDICK & CO., 712 Eleventh St., Washington, D.C.

German Vindication of American Pork.

In the last number of the *Magazine of Pathological Anatomy and Physiology*, Prof. Virchow publishes the result of the investigations which he made concerning the pretended cases of trichinosis produced through eating American pork. As is well known, some interested parties asserted that numerous cases of the disease were known to have occurred owing to the use of American ham and bacon in the North German ports of Bremen, Hamburg, Lubec, Rostock and Koenigsberg. In the course of the debate in the Imperial Assembly (Jan. 9, 1883) on the measure prohibiting the importation of the articles in question, a member of the Federal Council had also named Dusseldorf as one of the infected Cities. Prof. Virchow promptly set to work to make inquiries of the principal experts, the result of which showed that no cases of trichinosis in any way traceable to American ham or bacon, had occurred at Hamburg, Lubec, Rostock and Koenigsberg.

Moreover, in not a single instance was it proved beyond doubt that the trichina found were still alive, except at Bremen, where Dr. Focke, a physician since deceased, reported several cases of trichinosis had been discovered, without, however, causing death. According to Professor Virchow, the cases thus discovered have not been published or described in a strictly scientific form, and hence are by him considered liable to serious criticism. The material thus furnished is, therefore, far too meager, and cannot serve as a basis for the prohibitive measure. "It is certain," concludes Professor Virchow, "that no trichinous epidemic has been produced in Germany through American meat product. Aside from Bremen no cases of disease have been observed that can be attributed to American meat, still less to American bacon. Wherever in the heat of the discussion the opposite has been asserted, it has—always excepting Bremen—remained unconfirmed." This shows how little foundation there is for the prohibitive measure, according to the most careful investigations of a scientist whose authority on the subject cannot well be questioned. Unfortunately, this is all to no purpose. The importation is and remains prohibited, for, whenever certain interests are at stake, neither morality nor science stand a chance of being heard.

The Lily in a Pet.

By the way, I heard a rather interesting story the other day while at Mr. Connelly's ticket agency. On his desk was a picture of a remarkably handsome—in fact, a beautiful woman. On the lower edge of the card was written, "No, it is not me. Lillie Langtry." Not only was the grammar sufficiently peculiar to remind me of Freddie's famous spelling, but the sentiment seemed so strange that I asked an explanation. It seems that while Mrs. Langtry was playing at the Globe Theater just across the street, a dispute arose among some gentlemen as to whether this was or was not her picture. To settle the matter, the picture was sent to her manager with a polite request for her affirmation or denial. She at once saw it was not the picture of herself, but of a really more beautiful woman. She was not content with dashing down the vehement phrase quoted above, but was impelled to give vent to her womanish pique by writing across the back: "I think it is the picture of a maid I had last year!" As it was afterward known by the gentlemen, and as was well known at the time by Mrs. Langtryi the picture was not that of a maid, but of a rival, a well-known society girl of England.—*Boston Correspondence New York Graphic.*

The Belfry of Bruges.

The great bell-tower compels one's attention and ends by laying so firm a hold on the imagination that at no moment of day or night is one wholly unconscious of its solemn, protecting presence. By day and night its chims float through the air like fairy bells, weird and soft, to warn the listener that time indeed is flying even in this drowsy city. It is the first object that catches his eye as the traveler approaches Bruges. It is the last he loses sight of, with a sigh as for a well-tried friend, when the train steams away again through the flat, green country. It has watched for 600 years over the varying fortunes of its City and has gained that precious quality which, as Mr. Ruskin says, is the greatest glory of a building: "Its glory is in its age and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity."—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

Time's Revenges.

Last Thursday a man in Illinois married his mother-in-law—the mother of his divorced wife. A few days ago a circus clown fell dead with the old gag about a mother-in-law upon his lips. Surely time has its revenges.—*Washington Critic.*

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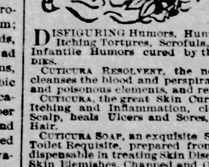
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THE WEEKLY BLADE

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D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, May 15, 1884.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

FIRST PAGE.
Columns 1—Poetry.
" 1-2-3-4-5-6—Court and Camp.
" 6-7-8—Pioneer Life.
" 8—Humor.

SECOND PAGE.
Columns 1—Humor.
" 2-3—Nasby in the South.
" 5—Miscellany.
" 6-7-8—Camp Fire.

THIRD PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4-5—Answers to Correspondents.
" 6-7-8—Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE.
Column 1—Editorial Paragraphs.
" 2—Review of the Week.
" 3-4-5-6-7-8—Editorial on Leading Topics.
" 8—Current Events.

FIFTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2—Correspondence.
" 3-4-5-6-7-8—Siddall's Soap.

SIXTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4-5—The Household.
" 6-7-8—The Young Folks.

SEVENTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2—The Farm.
" 3—The Sunday School.
" 4-5-6-7-8—News of the Week.

EIGHTH PAGE.
Columns 1-2-3-4—News of the Week (continued.)
" 5-6-7-8—The Markets—Advertisements

Circulation Last Week, 112,000.

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THE homes and graves of JEFFERSON, MADISON, MONROE and TYLER, are tumble-down and weed-grown. Very few people even know where they are. But the woman who owns the house where CHARLEY FORD shot JESSE JAMES charges 50 cents admittance to visitors and is rapidly becoming opulent. The visitors include statesmen, actors, artists, editors, capitalists, professors and divines, and in the register are the names of JAY GOULD, TALMAGE, EMMA ABBOTT, FANNY DAVENPORT, JOHN MCCULLOUGH, FRED WARD, Col. BURLEIGH, Rev. JOHN MILNE, the agnostic tragedian, ANNA DICKINSON, ROSSON and CRANE, MARY ANDERSON, MAGGIE MITCHELL, JOE MURPHY, Gov. CRITTENDEN, Sens. VEST and COCKRELL, and others.

JORDAN, MARSH & Co., Boston, Mass., are among the largest retail dry goods merchants in the United States, and a very large per centage of their business is done by mail. They issue an illustrated catalogue of goods which may be sent by mail, and ladies in any part of the country are enabled thereby to make their purchases as advantageously as though they were in Boston, in person. The house is especially pains-taking in filling orders by mail, and it is perfectly safe to deal with them in this way. Send for their catalogue. They fill thousands of orders daily, from all the States and Territories in the Union.

JOKES on Pres. HAYES's garden sass and fancy chickens may still be in order, but at all events he has not made banking capital of his reputation, and capitalized his well-earned honors for an income of $2,000 a month. It would be much better for all interested, including the great American people, if Gen. GRANT had imitated Gen. HAYES's course very much more closely than he has chosen to do.

JEFF DAVIS has occasional lucid intervals, when he talks quite rationally. He recently told a Northern visitor that General GRANT was a great military commander, but that MEADE was the most skilful General in the Union army. SHERMAN was looked upon in the South as ALARIC was by the Romans. He was their "scourge of God." He was cruel, yet a great strategist.

THE New England States cast 21 votes against the Morrison Bill, to 5 for it; the Middle States—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware—53 against to 15 for; the Southern States 20 for to 94 against; the Western States 60 against to 88 for; and the Pacific States 5 against to 3 for. The Ohio delegation voted 18 against to 3 for.

THE *Bombay Guardian*, a religious paper, referring to the sunset afterglow, which has recently been again observed in Bombay, says: "We will not venture to predict that this may be by way of preparation for the final conflagration, but one thing it is safe to say, it is well for every one to be ready."

Raise a club for the BLADE at once. It should be in 50,000 more families by the time the Republican Convention meets. In no way can the cause be so well served. We will make it an effective worker in the political field this season.

OHIO will keep pace with the rest of the world, no matter what happens. The earthquake at Zanesville seems to have been heaps bigger than the recent shake in Great Britain.

THE failure to pass the Morrison Tariff bill prevents a revolt of the Irish Democrats, who will not follow their party another step in the direction of Free Trade.

WHAT a pity that Gen. GRANT could not have followed the example of his predecessors and gone into dignified retirement at the close of his second term.

THE men who are managing the Democratic party should wake up, if they propose doing anything this Fall.

INDIANA will go in strong in the earlier ballots for HARRISON and GRESHAM.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THERE has been no change, nor any appearance of change in the political situation. Possibly the candidates' friends are doing effective work among the delegates, and are getting ready for results that will surprise the outsiders when the balloting begins at Chicago, but if this be so the work is being done so quietly that no ripple escapes to the surface to tell of it. It still looks as if Messrs. BLAINE and ARTHUR will enter the Convention far ahead of all the other candidates on the first ballot, and the former much ahead of the latter, but that the two will neutralize each other, and eventually force the selection of a compromise candidate. It is still over three weeks until the Convention, so that there is no lack of time to make important changes and combinations.

FINANCIAL troubles have engrossed the public attention to the exclusion of almost everything else during the week. The failure of JAS. KERNE, the great stock gambler, did not produce so much of a sensation as such an event would be expected to do, It had been anticipated for a long time, and its effect had been discounted. The failure of the Marine Bank, and of the firm of GRANT & WARD, was another matter entirely. The connection of Gen. U. S. GRANT with it gave a warm and strong sentimental interest to it all over the country, and the magnitude of the failure made it of deep importance in a financial and business aspect. It has been followed by other failures of considerable magnitude, but however of concerns, the standing of which has been viewed with suspicion for some time. The effect has been disastrous upon Wall street, but the general business of the country has not been perceptibly affected by it. It is believed that the crash is now over and that a healthier state of things will supervene.

THE last week has been one of excitement in France because of the elections. It is said that Paris has never polled so many votes. The Ministerial party has received a severe check, the government having lost many supporters. The Monarchists have gained a very little, but the Socialists, in whose ranks are all the men who are discontented with the present and have no logical plans for the future, have made enormous gains. This does not promise well for the tranquility of the future, for the opinions of Paris have generally been accepted by France as final, so whatever the Socialists may do the nation will be likely to acquiesce in, no matter if it is repugnant to the general opinion. The result must be awaited with gloomy apprehension.

CONSTANTINOPLE has been somewhat excited over the death on Sunday of MIDHAT PASHA, one of the greatest of Turkish statesmen and the illustrious chief of the "Young Turkey" party. He was entirely fearless and even dared once to bitterly upbraid the Sultan for which he was sent into exile.

NEWS from the Soudan is meager. Dongola troops are declared to be in a state of open revolt, EL MAHDI's emissaries having arrived there and summoned the garrison to surrender in three days or be massacred. It is expected that the whole province will rise and revolt. Nothing definite has yet been done for Gen. GORDON.

FRANK HURD'S "facts" are notoriously incapable of standing an examination. In the course of his Tariff speech he said:

> No man can make a good suit of clothes out of cloth made of American wool only.

This simply does not begin to be true. It is an assertion that has no foundation at all, and moreover is a slander upon one of the chief productions of the State that Mr. HURD misrepresents as badly as he does his facts. The Boston *Commercial-Bulletin*, a high authority, says:

> The author of the above remark makes a serious mistake. There are many American manufacturers of fine worsted suitings for men's wear which cannot be induced to use anything but Ohio fleeces, and who refuse every year to purchase the best imported wools because the latter are seldom as sound and strong as the fleeces of Ohio.
>
> If Mr. Hurd paid more regard to accuracy he could have easily learned that the people of Australia, whence our most desirable foreign wools come, are constantly improving their breeds of sheep by importation of American merinos.

THE New York *Times*, which is hostile to both BLAINE and ARTHUR, figures out that the earlier ballots will stand,

Blaine	340	Sherman	21
Arthur	287	Gresham	7
Edmunds	95	Unknown	15
Logan	58		

It adds:

> Mr. Blaine goes before the Convention with 41 per cent. of the delegates; four years ago he had a little less than 38 per cent.; eight years ago he had nearly the same. In 1880 his vote did not materially increase; in 1876 it rose on the latter ballots, and was 351, or 28 short of a majority on the final ballots, when Mr. Hayes was nominated. This year he stands substantially where Gen. Grant stood in 1880, who had 40 per cent. of the delegates, who stood by him only too firmly. Mr. Arthur will have at the start less than 36 per cent. of the delegates. On the face of the facts it is plain that neither of the two principal aspirants for the nomination can get it. The question of importance to the Republican party is, Where will the votes first given to either of them go, and where will the delegates who are opposed to both be found?

If your neighbor don't want to risk a dollar on a paper of which he knows nothing, secure him for three months. Our price is 50 cents for three months, though in clubs of four, three months subscribers will be taken for 25c each. Secure us a campaign club of four. It can be done in about as many minutes.

ONE of our subscribers who has been a great traveler over the world says that the crimes and poverty, even in every State, City and Town in the United States, can be measured by the number of gallons of alcoholic drinks used by the people.

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAMS of Alabama, has got into a bad box by delivering an obituary speech in the House which was prepared for him by some one else. It turns out to be one delivered by somebody else years ago.

WHEN he talks about the Presidential canvass Col. INGERSOLL remarks that there is more frog-spittle on the pond of public opinion than he ever knew.

THE New York *Sun* says that in one respect there is no difference between the Morrison Bill and BILL MORRISON. They are both failures.

CINCINNATI has had another murder in one of those spots of "innocent and healthful recreation"—a Sunday beer garden.

EVERY woman and girl should have the book "Health and Beauty." By mail $1. Address Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

BIRTH OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Aforetimes we have pointed out the marvelous persistency with which the Democratic party has sought out and put itself on the wrong side of every great public question. We have called attention to the singular fact that ever since the formation of the Government, no inexpedient, unwise, or positively harmful proposition has failed to find in the Democracy a warm advocate. Nor has any measure of real benefit to the country, and which is now universally approved by the general good sense, failed to encounter that party's virulent opposition. We have pointed out that this amazing persistence in blundering and evil ways can not be the result of accident,—it can not be caused by occasional seasons of bad counsel, to which all parties are peculiarly liable. The changeless, unbroken course of wrong-doing and wrong intentions, point out indubitably something constitutionally wrong,—congenitally vicious in an organization that never by any luck or chance, is or has been, found on the right, cleanly and decent side.

The history of its birth shows this to be the case. The conditions of a party's birth are quite as important in affecting its life as the conditions of an individual's birth are in shaping his life. The Democratic party came into being to resist the efforts of WASHINGTON, HAMILTON, ADAMS, and the other venerated founders of our Government, to consolidate the jarring Colonies into one Nation.

To understand this better let the reader glance at a map of the United States, and recall his readings of the Revolutionary history of the country. He will then remember that the newly-fledged Nation consisted of a thin fringe of population along the Atlantic coast.

The first census—taken in 1790, the year after WASHINGTON'S first inauguration—showed that there were but 3,172,000 white people under the flag. That is, less than the present population of Ohio, was scattered along rivers and bays for more than 1,500 miles, or from the mouth of the frozen Penobscot to that of the sun-caressed Savannah.

Such a broken and thinly-peopled coast-line was weakness itself, and this was intensified by the senseless prejudices, which exist in all isolated and struggling communities, being warmed into more than usual bitterness by race and religious animosities. The people of Pennsylvania and Maryland had fought over their boundary line for more than a century, and the Quakers, Scotch-Irish and Germans of "Penn's plantations" not only cordially hated each other, but they hated still more the arrogant and grasping crowd that had "planted" Maryland under the leadership of CECIL, Lord Baltimore.

Correspondingly the intelligent, hard-working, middle-class people of New England held in bitter contempt both the worn out *roues* and bankrupt *debauches* of the English Court, who had been given enormous estates in Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, to get them out of the country, but also the scum of the English prisons and slums which they had transported across the ocean to work their plantations. The Swedes of Delaware and New Jersey, the Germans and Dutch of New York, the "Mountain" and "Low Country" people of North Carolina, and in short, all the innumerable divisions into which could be divided people who left Europe because they were too aggressive to live in peace at home, were divided, jarred against, distrusted, hated, and at times fought each other.

We managed in some incomprehensible way to hold these repellant units together long enough to struggle through seven years of armed resistance to British oppression, but when peace came the local jealousies, bickerings and prejudices flamed out afresh and burned higher than ever. The Confederation went to pieces like a rope of sand and the last Continental Congress was attended by but 20 members.

WASHINGTON stated the matter very concisely in his grave, dignified way, in a letter to the Governor of Virginia:

> The disinclination of the individual States to yield competent powers to Congress for the Federal Government, the unreasonable jealousy of that body and of one another, and the disposition which seems to pervade each of being all-wise and all-powerful within itself, will, if there is not a change in the system, be our downfall as a nation. This is as clear to me as A B C; and I think we have opposed Great Britain, and have arrived at the present state of peace and independence to very little purpose, if we can not conquer our own prejudices. The powers of Europe begin to see this, and our newly-acquired friends, the British, are already acting upon this ground, and wisely too, if we are determined in our folly. They know that individual opposition to their measures is futile, and boast that we are not sufficiently united as a nation to give a general one. Is not the indignity alone of this declaration, while we are in the act of peace-making and reconciliation, sufficient to stimulate us to vest more extensive and adequate powers in the sovereigns of these United States?

WASHINGTON, ADAMS, and the other great statesmen of the day, led by the greatest of them all—ALEXANDER HAMILTON—bent every energy of their great minds to consolidate the colonies into a Nation. They labored as earnestly to found the Union as LINCOLN and the eminent patriots associated with him did to preserve it. Our present Constitution is the work of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, and shows but few amendments upon the original draft in his handwriting.

The Democratic party formed itself to fight against the project, which it did with the rancor that the descendants of the same men did as Copperheads, against the attempts to save the Union. They traduced and villified WASHINGTON, as they afterwards incessantly maligned LINCOLN. WASHINGTON, HAMILTON, ADAMS, JAY, LIVINGSTON, and others who favored the present Government, with a centralized power, were denounced as "Monarchists," "Monocrats," (a word of JEFFERSON'S coinage) "Aristocrats," "lickspittle courtiers," etc., and the foulest calumnies upon the characters of the Federal leaders were sowed broadcast by ephemeral and characterless prints.

JEFFERSON himself did not scruple to descend to the meanness of penning all manner of anonymous scurrility against WASHINGTON and the other Federal leaders.

For a long time the party did not have a name, but contented itself with being "Anti-Federal," that is, hostile to anything and everything that the Federalists were doing to "secure a more perfect union."

Then they called themselves "Republicans," in admiration of the French Republicans, who were inaugurating the terrible French Revolution. Then, still in imitation of the French, they called themselves "Republican-Democrats," and at last simply "Democrats."

Then, as now, it was a party of demagogs—of the collected ignorance of the country, led by the unscrupulous and cunning. It flourished most in Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia and Maryland, because the bulk of the people there was but a generation or two from the densely ignorant or vicious refuse which had been imported from England to work the plantations of the expatriated "gentlemen."

It gained no foothold in New England, and but little in New York and Pennsylvania, because the bulk of the population there were intelligent, thrifty, partially educated farmers, mechanics and merchants who were not to be made victims of such specious demagogery as formed the whole Democratic stock-in trade.

As it was in the beginning, so it is now, and always will be. The Democratic party can only live by placing itself in opposition to what the best sense of the people desire, and rallying about its banners all whose ignorant prejudices are hooks by which demagogs can catch them.

WANTED—AN ISSUE.

By the defeat of the Morrison Tariff monstrosity the Democracy find themselves in a most serious predicament. They are on the eve of a Presidential campaign, and without an issue or the possibility of having one provided for them.

This is not a new embarrassment for that blundering old organization, but it is one that will bear on it more hardly this campaign than ever. Before when it was without an issue or motive of being, it could make up for the lack by inflammatory appeals to the stupidity and prejudice of the country. It could organize the ignorant and unthinking to its purposes by fanning their unreasoning hatred against Republicanism and its objects.

In 1856 it had no issue, but it made itself a howling mob directed against the "Abolitionists."

In 1860 it had no issue, but the initial force of Secession infused life into its veins and enabled it to make a vigorous campaign, which was really a preliminary to the one it began in the field a few months later, in the military movement to destroy the Nation.

In 1864 it had what came very near being an issue. It rallied around its Copperhead banner all who were opposed to the further prosecution of the war, all who dreaded being drafted, all who were anxious that the Rebellion should succeed, or that the "Abolitionists" fall in preserving the Union.

In 1868 it had well-defined issues. It was in bitter opposition to the Re-construction policy, and to the enfranchisement of the Negro. It advocated vehemently giving the Rebels lately in arms all their political rights, and in refusing the same to their late slaves. This made a very substantial issue, and was fought for with bitterness and pertinacity. This was its "This is a White Man's Government," led.

In 1872, it continued its fight against Reconstruction, —the "White Man's Government" idea, was still more vociferously upheld, and a new "issue" brought forward: "Anything to beat GRANT."

In 1876 it still had the fag-ends of the Anti-Reconstruction, Anti-Negro-Enfranchisement "issues," and was taking demagogic advantage of the growing financial distress of the country by beginning its warfare in favor of the Rag-Baby, financial bad faith and national dishonor.

In 1880 it had nothing left it but to fan into what new life it could the dying embers of sectional hatreds and the bitternesses engendered by years of acrid controversy and deadly fighting.

In 1884 it has simply nothing. All its old reliances are gone. It has found the cultivation of sectional animosities a losing game. As it is now eager for the Negro vote, its 'White Man's Government" shriek must be stilled. The Rag Baby sleeps the sleep that knows no waking in the grave of dishonor. All pretenses of "Reform" are greeted with derision by a people who see corruption and malfeasance in office reign from the moment that the Democrats are entrusted with power anywhere.

Had they chosen to make Free Trade an issue they would undoubtedly have been beaten by it, but it would have been a manly open issue, upon which men could have honestly rallied, and fought for without loss of self-respect.

Now they have nothing to furnish a motive power for their campaign, except greed for office.

The Republicans are administering the affairs of the country so admirably that there is simply no fault to be found with them. The Democrats—for the first time the history of the country—do no even pretend to find fault. They do not point out where they could improve or amend the conduct of affairs in any way, if they were given complete power. They simply say: "It is our turn now; you have had the offices long enough. Give us an inning."

This makes a very hopeless sort of a campaign from the outset. The people of the United States are not so foolish as to turn out a party which is doing so well everywhere, to put in a party which has done badly everywhere.

DEATH OF CHARLES O'CONOR.

A telegram announces the death last Monday at Nantucket of this celebrated lawyer, who has been so prominent a figure in the eyes of the Nation for many years. He was one of the very few men who preferred distinction in his profession to all the honors political preferment might bring. From beginning to end he has persistently refused nomination to the highest offices in the country, only once consenting to serve as District Attorney under Pres. PIERCE. Had he so chosen, there is no doubt but he might have been at the head of the Democratic party.

CHARLES O'CONNOR was born in New York in 1804, and was therefore 80 years old. His father came from Ireland with a handsome property shortly before the birth of CHARLES, but soon after his arrival he was unfortunate enough to lose it all thus preventing his son from receiving a liberal education. The latter, however, seized every opportunity as he grew up of study, and his brilliant intellect sent him vigorously forward. At the age of 20 he was admitted to the bar, and soon obtained celebrity. He has been identified with some of the most important law cases that ever came to the Courts in this country involving large sums of money varying from $100,000 to millions.

In 1873 he made himself more famous than ever by his skill and energy in the prosecution of the "ring" cases in New York. To him was due much of the success in uncovering the iniquity of these political tricksters.

Mr. O'CONOR has been for some time in poor health and the end was not unexpected. By his death the country loses one of its most brilliant a successful lawyers.

PALLIATIVES.

There is in the City of New York an institution known as the "Christian Home," which, at great expense, receives from 50 to 60 men, drunkards, who go thither to be cured of the appetite for rum. It is full all the time, some of the inmates going out radically cured, others to relapse into the habit. It is an excellent institution, founded by philanthropic men, and has accomplished some good.

Every City in the country has these reformatories, maintained by the victims of rum, and the private contributions of good men and women.

The public has provided reformatories likewise. There are Houses of Correction for the young victims of rum, the children of drunken parents, who inherit not only the appetite for liquor but also the thousand vices of which rum is the parent. In these are held for restraint and reformation probably about one in 10,000 of those who need the discipline. There are Penitentiaries for those whom rum has driven into crime, there are insane asylums for those whose minds rum has destroyed, and asylums for the idiots that rum is, in nine cases out of ten, answerable for.

It will be observed that these institutions are, all of them, provided to take up men and women where rum has left them. They are institutions for salvage purposes, to save what is possible out of wrecks. Except in a few States there are no provisions to restrain conscienceless men from making drunkards, thieves, prostitutes, criminals, idiots and lunatics. All that law has done, thus far, is to care for about one in 10,000 of the victims of rum. Rum is permitted to go on manufacturing these unfortunates, and the people tax themselves, publicly and privately, to care for hundreds out of the millions.

This is attempting to stay a torrent with a tea spoon. It is attempting to pump out the overflowed lands of the Mississisippi with a syringe, instead of mending the break in the levee.

Where there is one reformatory to care for criminals, lunatics, idiots and paupers, there are a thousand rum and beer shops manufacturing them. The City of Toledo has one House of Correction, one jail, and one infirmary to care for the victims of rum, and 800 rum and beer shops busy night and day, week days and Sundays, manufacturing subjects for them. Philadelphia has the same proportion of reformatories, and 40 miles of rum and beer shops, were they put side by side, and 20 feet front allowed for each. The County seats and country Villages preserve about the same proportion. A boy is corrupted in a beer-shop; he is taken to a reformatory, serves a time, comes out only to fall into the same trap again, landing the next time in a jail, and the next in the penitentiary.

Would it not be well to commence at the other end of this business? Instead of trying to dip out the stream would it not be well to try drying up the source? If society has the right to restrain the criminal has it not the right to put its strong hand upon the criminal maker? If the drunkard is dangerous as a criminal, or expensive as a pauper, has not the community the right to prevent the manufacture of drunkards?

There is no other way under the sun. So long as the breweries are commissioning their creatures to put boys in training for the penitentiary or the poor-house, so long will penitentiaries and poor-houses be inadequate to the demands made upon them.

There is but little use in attempting to reform the drunkard: the only way to root out the giant evil is to prevent the making of drunkards. There is but little use in trying to patch up the man or boy who has the habit fixed: the proper thing to do is to prevent men and boys from getting the habit. It is better to prevent the storm than to patch the wreck. The "Christian Home" in New York harbors 50 men who are trying by its help to save themselves. Thousands of beer-shops and rum-mills in that City are making thousands of drunkards a day. Such Liliputian remedies cannot cure such giant diseases.

Maine, Kansas and Iowa have demonstrated the possibility of drying up the source. There are many hundreds of villages in Maine in which liquor has not been sold for 30 years, and a generation has grown up that know not the destroyer. There are thousands upon thousands of middle-aged men who never saw liquor exposed for sale, and who were never in a whisky mill or beer-shop. Prohibition has converted Maine from the one of the most drunken States in the Union into the most sober. It has driven rum into holes and corners in the cities, and completely extirpated it in the country. He who wants liquor in Portland must go and seek it—it is not exposed for sale on every street corner—and in most of the villages it cannot be had at all.

As it is in Maine, so it may be in all the States. All that is required to put down the traffic is for those who suffer by it to unite and say it shall be done. The people are greater than the brewers. There is no earthly use in making patch work of it. Reformatories, penitentiaries and poor-houses bear so small a relation to the extent of the disease as to be properly considered worthless. Prohibition is the only remedy for the evil that is eating up the country. Only by Prohibition can we *Pulverize the Rum Power.*

WHAT IT WILL BRING.

The Free Traders—*alias* Revenue Reformers—say that a reduction of duties will bring in the same amount of revenue as now, because of the greater quantities of goods imported.

If we import a greater quantity of goods then our factories must make less than they do now, there must be less labor for our mechanics and operatives, and consequently less of a market for food products, and all manner of raw material.

There must also be much less money and wealth in the country because of the greater quantity sent abroad to buy costly manufactured goods.

The increase in revenue which we would get in this way would be like a spendthrift's borrowings at usurious interests.

THE Russians have again posted the notice through Russian-Poland: "It is absolutely forbidden to speak the Polish language." The priests are forbidden from using any other tongue than Russian, in their discourses, though awhile ago an agreement was made with the Pope that they were to be allowed to use Latin, in return for which privilege the Pope agreed to use his influence against Nihilism.

THE GRANT-WARD FAILURE.

Since the beginning of his career, Gen. GRANT has probably had nothing so humiliating to him as the failure of the firm with which his name has been identified. It is true, that the principal feeling in regard to the matter, so far as he is concerned, has been that of sympathy, but as time wears on, and the public has more time to think of it coolly, something of blame will, doubtless, attach to him, and that he must fully realize. He allowed himself to be made use of, or at least placed himself in a position where the firm made a cats-paw of him to obtain the means to ward off, if possible, a disastrous railure. That he should have been induced to ask WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT for $150,000 which was granted without hesitation as a personal favor, and not only this but to make of him the very unbusiness-like request of dating his check Saturday, instead of the day it was given, offering no other security except GRANT & WARD'S check upon the Marine Bank, which was also to be held for a day or two as an accommodation, then having it thrown out as worthless, must be the source of the most intense mortification to a man like Gen. GRANT. No one can for a moment believe that he had the slightest idea of what was coming. That Mr. VANDERBILT does not is evident from his returning the deed of the property of the General and his wife given for the worthless check of the firm, with the remark that the amount could be paid at Gen. GRANT's leisure.

There is, however, a moral to be deduced from the whole affair. It is becoming altogether too common for men with honored names to give their use for a consideration. In this case it was not expected that the GRANTS should know anything about the business, and they did not. All that they had to do was to draw out $3,000 a month each, and ask no questions. Their name, influence and connections were held to be sufficient to give them the large sums mentioned. Where the blame comes in was for them to allow these possessions to be used in transactions for which they would be held responsible, and yet about which they knew absolutely nothing. As it turns out the methods employed were anything but what fair, honorable and careful business men would desire to use. It must also seem strange that the GRANTS did not feel like questioning something in regard to a business which could make such immense profits upon the capital invested, but their confidence in WARD and FISH appears to have been sufficient to satisfy them that it was all right. They must now reap the consequences in the loss of property, and in the mortification of seeing their honored name dragged in the dust in connection with a disastrous failure. It is a lesson which others would do well to take to heart.

THE GREAT STEEL PLATE ENGRAVING, "BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

THE BLADE one year and this great engraving for only $2. No such art offer was ever made in connection with a newspaper. The engraving was never sold for less than $10, and it ranks as the best steel plate now in the market. It is a complete illustration of the great allegory, and should be in every Christian household. It is an adornment for any house and as a teacher of great truths has no superior. Enclose $2 and secure the plate and the BLADE.

THE GRANT & WARD failure in New York grows darker as the real facts leak out. It is found that they have rehypothecated the securities lodged with them by several railroads on loans, and not only that but obtained larger sums upon them than they had advanced. It is thought by those who have examined the law that where the second persons were ignorant of the character of the firms transaction the companies cannot recover their securities without taking up the loans. In that case the Nickel Plate will be obliged to pay from $160,000 to $175,000 more than themoney they received,

If your boy wants a watch secure for him a Waterbury. Look over our terms and see if you can't get one for nothing. Anyhow, if you are on our books you can send $3.50 and have your subscription extended a year and get the watch. It is as good for you as for your boy, for it is a reliable and durable time-piece. The BLADE and the Waterbury watch one year for $3.50.

THE firm of GRANT & WARD is said to have been very large borrowers of money for which extraordinary rates were paid, sometimes as high as five per cent. for the use of sums for 30 days. It was represented that they were interested in large Government contracts, and to obtain money to carry them out, firm notes were given endorsed by U. S. GRANT and JAMES D. FISH.

THEY are developing a fine breed of journalistic liars in Michigan. The Otter Lake *Enterprise* reports that a neighboring sheep gave birth to twin lambs, one of which was most peculiar in that, aside from having wool as it should, its form, actions and instincts were all those of a skunk.

HAVING learned of the invention of a machine for darning stockings, the Detroit *Free Press* asks pathetically, "Who will care for mother now?"

RAISE a club of three-month's subscribers for the BLADE. Secure four or more at 25 cents each, and spread the truth. We want at least 50,000 more on our books within the next month.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECEIPT BOOK.

We are in receipt daily of requests for this best of all receipt book, which, as it is sold only by subscription, we have declined to consider. We have, however, decided that persons in localities where we have no agents, wishing the book, can have it by mail on receipt of the price, $2. It is the best collection of receipts ever published, and is worth in any family, many times its price. It contains everything in the way of health, economy, cooking and everything pertaining to household life, and all written so plainly as to be within the comprehension of any house-keeper. If there is no agent in your vicinity and you want the book, remit $2 to Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

THE bill to put Gen. GRANT on the Retired List is making very fair headway. Singularly enough, the papers which are most clamorous for heaping still higher the rewards of this most highly-rewarded man are the ones most hostile to allowing a poor, broken-down soldier $6 or $8 a month.

IT has to be a big thing if Gen. GRANT has anything to do with it. A failure of $10,000,000 may be said to have loomy dimensions.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the People of the United States, North, South, East and West.

A Good Substantial Watch in Connection with the Blade.

In view of the approaching campaign, and to place the BLADE in as many additional families as possible, we will receive subscriptions for EIGHT months at the rate of SIXTY-SEVEN cents.

THE WATERBURY WATCH.

We want a very large increase in the circulation of the BLADE, and are willing to pay for it. To reward those who will assist in this work we will give a WATERBURY WATCH on the terms published below, under the head of "THE ONLY TERMS." Read carefully, and either get your BLADE for nothing, or a good Watch for nothing. The WATERBURY WATCH is known as an entirely reliable, substantial stem-winding watch, as good a time-keeper as any in the market.

We have made this arrangement, not for profit, but because in the interest of good government we want at least 100,000 additional subscribers during the next six months, and as many more as TWO OF THE FAMOUS SCOTT PERFECTING PRESSES WILL PRINT, and those who do the work we want to remunerate in some way.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the importance of a Republican success in November next. Every man who desires stability in government, steadiness and uniformity in business, every man who desires peace and quiet and who dreads anarchy and confusion, appreciates this as well as we do.

To the enlightenment of voters the country should be covered with sound reading matter, and that the BLADE takes upon itself to furnish.

The WATERBURY WATCH is the lowest priced watch ever made, but cheap as it is, it is as good a time-piece and as durable and reliable as any watch made. It is a stem-winder, no key being required, and may be regulated to as fine a point as the higher-priced watches. It is encased in white metal, and to the manufacturer's warrant we add our own. The cases will not tarnish. The regular price of the watch and the least it can be bought for is $3.50.

It is a marvel of cheapness and accuracy, and will do everything that any watch will.

The following cut shows the size and style of the watch:

THE ONLY TERMS:

For $3.50—The watch, and the WEEKLY BLADE for one year.

For $3.50—The watch, and two copies of the WEEKLY BLADE for eight months.

For $4.99—The watch, and five copies of the WEEKLY BLADE for eight months.

For $8.00—The watch and ten copies of the WEEKLY BLADE for eight months.

For $14.25—The watch, and twenty copies of the WEEKLY BLADE for eight months.

For $19.80—Thirty copies of the WEEKLY BLADE for eight months and the watch sent free.

Now for work. Every man who needs a watch, either for his own use or for his boy, can get one at a merely nominal cost, and a good, durable watch it will prove itself. It is not a toy, but as good as any made.

Every boy of 14 wants a watch and should have one. Every man who travels who has an expensive watch should have a Waterbury to carry when away. Everybody wants a watch anyhow, and everybody wants, or ought to, the best Republican paper published. Roll in the subscribers.

The watches are sent by mail, postpaid, and we shall fill every order the day it is received.

Send by postal order or draft on New York. Do not send postage stamps or checks on country banks, as we cannot use them without loss.

Address, always,

BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE GLADSTONE MINISTRY.

There is little doubt but that the life of the Gladstone Ministry hangs by a thread, for should the resolution of censure offered by Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH of the management of affairs in the Soudan and the leaving of Gen. GORDON to his fate be passed, it will undoubtedly meet the approval of the people, and render the present Government only a thing of days.

It is a strange thing that a course so manifestly unwise should have been taken by the Gladstone Cabinet. The position of Gen. GORDON at Khartoum has been desperate for weeks, and has been so confessed by that officer, himself, and yet absolutely no steps have been taken for his relief. All of his suggestions have been disapproved of, and even when as a last resort, he begged that ZEBEHR Pasha, the slave dealer, whom GORDON so despised, and who is his bitter enemy, should be sent to Khartoum that his influence might be exerted for the safety of the thousands of people whom GORDON had undertaken to protect, his request was refused.

It would not be strange or indeed unexpected to hear at any time that Gen. GORDON was killed and Khartoum in the hands of the rebels. In that case the project of sending troops in the Autumn, as contemplated, would be of little account. No wonder that the English public is excited beyond measure at the supineness of the Government in thus leaving a faithful officer to a terrible fate, and unless some explanation shall be offered more satisfactory than now seems possible, Mr. GLADSTONE's days of honor by an English public are nearly over.

THE WATERBURY WATCH.

We are sending out hundreds of the Waterbury Watch daily, by mail, and they give more than satisfaction. This miracle of cheapness and excellence cannot be purchased anywhere for less than $3.50, but we send it by mail post paid, and the WEEKLY BLADE one year, for that sum. Get a postal note for $3.50, enclose it to the BLADE and you will receive the watch and the BLADE one year.

EAGAN, of Texas, rose from a bed whereon he has been lying at death's door, to be carried to the Capitol and vote for the Morrison bill. MORRISON was ready to rob the cradle and the grave, but it did him no good.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The House of Representatives passed the bill to appropriate $1,000,000 to the World's Industrial Exposition at New Orleans, the amount to be returned from the gate receipts.——William McHugh, who was hung in Cincinnati for wife-murder, was one of the three men who entered matrimony under the auspices of the great matrimonial bureau, started in Cincinnati a few years ago.——Charles Ford, one of the brothers who killed Jesse James, slew himself with a revolver, at Richmond, Mo. He was 26 years of age, and for a long time has shown consumptive tendencies.——The House of Representatives refused to concur in the Senate amendments to the bill for the relief of Fitz John Porter, which cut off pay and allowances from the date of dismissal, and the bill will go to a conference committee.——The Kentucky Democratic Convention indorsed Speaker Carlisle as a Democratic Presidential candidate.——The River and Harbor bill, as reported by the House Committee, provides for appropriations aggregating $12,619,110.——Gen. Grant has sent $550 to the fund for the proposed Confederate Home.——Charles Reade's fortune amounted to about $100,000. It all goes to his family.——Louisiana has 280,000 children of school age, with accommodations in her schools for 75,000. This is a bad showing for a State soon to have a world's exposition.——John F. Slater, who gave $1,000,000 for educational purposes in the South, died Wednesday at Norwich, Conn.——The Vanderbilt party made the trip from Detroit to Cincinnati in 5¼ hours, the distance being 263 miles. Between Dayton and Lima, 47, miles, the run was made in 66 minutes, and from Dayton to Hamilton the train ran 35 miles in 36 minutes.——An expert, examining the alleged Sharon-Hill marriage contract with a microscope, discovered erasures, changes, etc., in different ink and handwriting.——It is reported that Henry Villard will return to his old profession, journalism, and become one of the editorial writers on one of the New York dailies.——The "Oregon," the new Guion ship, that beat the record on her western trip 16 hours beat the record going east, on her home trip, nearly two hours. The fastest eastward time had been that of the "Alaska," six days 18 hours and 57 minutes. The "Oregon" made it it six days, 16 hours an 1 57 minutes. The average speed was 18.7 miles per hour.——The signal service will soon be established at Mushayak, in Alaska, which is at the head of Bristol Bay. The tidal waves which roll upon the coast, will be observed, as well as meteorological matters.——A gun weighing 212,000 pounds, and costing $28,000, was cast at Boston for the Government.——Miss Celia Enright, a female telegraph operator at Toledo, O., was shot in the neck by the wife of Thomas Wright, an insurance man and a member of the City Council. Jealousy was the cause of the murderous attack.——In the craw of a duck recently killed near Willows, Cal., was found nine 44 center-fire cartridge shells, one of which was loaded.——The police of the City of Mexico recently arrested a servant carrying an unstamped bottle of

Correspondence.

The Chinese Question.

To the Editor of the BLADE:

In the BLADE of February 21 Mr. Hall has an article under the above head. Will you allow me space for a few words of reply. He says: "Though the savages and half-civilized live in huts, half naked and starving, yet their wants are more nearly supplied than are the wants of civilization." This is no doubt true, but I fail to see how it applies to the above. Does Mr. H., therefore, think barbarism the better state? I should hope not. That a country ever progresses, is because of the discontent of its people. A bod-carrier will labor faithfully 10 hours a day, living with great self-denial, that his children may be better off than he is. Ask any hard-fisted son of toil why he labors so hard, going without all the luxuries and many of the necessaries of life, willingly enduring the storms of Winter and the heats of Summer, and he will tell you he is trying to elevate his children to a higher plane than he has enjoyed. His desires to give them a chance, to be something more than a laborer, in life's treadmill. This is in direct contrast to the savage. He looks out for himself, and lets posterity do the same. They are contented. Contented for themselves and for their children, therefore never progress. Savage Africa is the same to-day it was in the beginning of history. Had Columbus been content to take things as he found them, and this Continent remained undiscovered, who does not know but the Red man would be the same he was in 1492. Contented, he knew no change. How much different are the Chinese! How much history have they made since history began! While England and France ice-bound Norway and vine embowered Spain, were sending out ships to discover and people a new world, what was China doing! How much different are they to-day! How much foreign intercourse would there be with China to-day had not England and America crammed treaties down their throats at the point of the bayonet. They are a slow, contented class. The same yesterday, to-day, and will be for ages to come.

Free-born Americans are not a contented people. In our longing and striving for something better is wherein we differ from the laborer of the old world, especially the Chinese—the most contented of all nations—and makes it forever impossible for the laboring classes to harmonize. I do not wish to be discourteous, but I must say, I do not think that Mr. H. fully understands the question he attempts to discuss. Does he really *know* anything about the Chinese of the Pacific Slope? He cites us to the opposition of the farmers of New York to the importation of "pauper"—mark the word—Irish laborers to build the Erie Canal, and compares it to the opposition of the Irish of to-day to Chinese labor. Now in the first place, does he for a moment suppose that only Irish are opposed to Chinese labor? How wonderfully mistaken. In the second place, there is no comparison possible. These, it was the question of opening up a new country—peopling a wilderness—thereby giving a home market for products. Now it is the question of changing an energetic, discontented—therefore, progressive—labor for a slovenly contented one. Those were an English-speaking, energetic people, who came here bringing their families to find a home in a new and better country. When the canal was done they bought houses and lands, and became good law abiding citizens, who raised up families of sturdy sons to fill our armies and navies, and who did a glorious work in the late war. These are an alien race. They came here alone bringing their nationality with them and keep it. They stay only long enough to get a few hundred dollars, then returns to China to grovel along in the same ol grova. From the laborers of Europe we get citizens, soldiers and statesmen; from China we get nothing but cheap labor, and they drain the country of thousands of dollars every year. It is all well enough for a man to sit in his easy-chair, in Ann Arbor, or Boston, or somewhere down East and theorize on a subject he knows nothing about, but facts are what tell the story, and that we may talk intelligently on the subject, let me give you a few items that have come under my own observation: The O. R. & N. Co. are building a railroad from Portland to the eastern boundary of Oregon. The road runs thru Burnt River canon. I live in the canon on the line of the road. The Oregon Construction Co. have the entire contract, and employ only Chinese labor. Last year there were about 400 Chinese employed on about 20 miles of the road. They are managed in this way: They are divided into gangs of 30 or 40 men, each gang having a Chinese "bookman," with whom all business with the gang is transacted. Each gang is under the control of a white foreman, or "China herder," as he is called. A time-keeper keeps the number of men at work each day, and the gang is credited with the amount and charged with all merchandise and money. The company knows nothing about individual men, but deals only with the number of the gang. For six months last Summer there was a gang encamped within a quarter of a mile of my house, and I embraced the opportunity to inform myself about some things. The gang consisted of from 30 to 40 men, never less than 30, and yet the foreman told me that never for one day had he at work 20 men, and I know from my own observation that many days there were no more than 8 or 10. The wages last year were $1. Now, allowing 30 men in the gang, and 15 for the average attendance, the actual wages per man per day would be 50 cents. They had no other resource, and besides every now and then for dilatory work, the whole outfit would be sent to camp for a day or two, sometimes a week, when they are charged with the wages of the foreman. So it is very evident that 50 cents per day is fully up to their earnings.

How do they live! They live on rice and dried fish with a sprinkling of fresh pork, and chicken on festival. I am engaged in raising vegetables, and my books show that I sold Chinamen the enormous amount of $30, and there was encamped within half a mile of me, for three or four months, not less than 100 Chinamen, and they were not supplied by others. Now suppose, the work in this canon had been done by white men at four wages, how many pounds of beef, flour, and potatoes would they have consumed! How many thousand dollars would have been distributed among the farmers and stockmen of the country! The contractors would not have pocketed quite so much I grant you, but why not let them be content with a few millions less and scatter a few more dollars thro the country? "Thereby hangs a tale."—but I will not tell it this time. Now, the opposition of the people on this coast to Chinese labor is just this: We think it would be better—not only for the individual laborer, but the whole country—that the labor should be performed by American citizens; by people who buy and improve land; who build schoolhouses and churches, and fill them with intelligent children who are to be our future statesmen and soldiers, and not by an alien race who are not, and who never will be, citizens, who have no interest in the prosperity of the country, and care only to make enough money to go back to China and live a life of idleness; who will never voluntarily give a dollar for schoolhouses, churches or any public improvement; and who, if not restrained, will soon turn our fair Republican country into a second Chinese Empire; serving vassalage to the mother country. That this can and will be, no one can doubt, who has thought much on the matter. Look at it, the population of China is nearly, if not quite equal to the rest of the world. They could spare us 50,000,000, thereby doubling our population, and not miss them. Then what would happen? You must know these people never change, they bring their nationality with them and keep it. They do now, if permitted, administer their own laws, and there are many instances where they have condemned to death their countrymen according to their own laws, those who had committed some crime against them. They are not rebellious, but submit with dumb obedience, when they know they must, but, if not compelled, would never appeal to the laws of the land for redress among themselves. Mr. "H" says "the Pacific Coast ought to have at least 100,000 Chinese, then their abandoned mines could be worked and a market created for the products of the soil."

The facts are there are no abandoned mines that will pay 50 cents per day, that are not being worked by Chinamen; and as I have shown, Chinese never create a market. Every Chinese miner has his little garden and his "hennery." They live on rice and fish from China and vegetables and chickens of their own raising. Put 1,000 more resident Chinamen at work in a County of any Eastern State, and the market of the producers would not appreciate a farthing. Now I ask, do you of the East, ask us who live near the setting sun, and have an equal share in the benefits and burdens of the Government, do you ask us to labor for 50 cents a day? To live on rice and dried fish? To raise and educate our families, build school houses and churches on the same pittance that a Chinaman keeps only himself? To compel our children to grow up in ignorance and therefore more vassals to the enlightened. To see laws for our protection and enlightenment to become mere dead letters on our statute books? To compel us to consort with the low and the vile, with no hope for the future? Do you desire all this? Then, send for the Mongolians and all these things will happen, as sure as the sun shines. If you do not, and I trust you do not, then keep out the yellow races and give each poor "o'er labored knight" a chance to do something, if only to become father to a race of freemen.

I am only a hard-fisted, "web-footed" son of toil, who is not ashamed that he has to toil with his hands to support himself and family, and I say to you who read, if you do not believe all I have written, come and see. Go not among politicians, lawyers, doctors or merchants, but take your pick and shovel and go among those who toil, ask questions, observe and see for yourself, take no man's word without due consideration, and, in very truth, "Prove all things, hold fast only that which is good," and if you do not find that it is *not* good to replace free born citizen laborers for half-civilized Chinese, then I will confess I know nothing of it. Do not mistake us. With Kearneyism we have no sympathy, with the political aspect of it we care naught; we claim to be actuated simply by patriotic love of country, with a desire to see our beloved land go forward and not backward, and that it *will* go backward beyond hope of redemption, is just as sure as unlimited Chinese imigration is permitted.

J. F. COOPER.

Burnt River, Oregon.

The West Overestimated.

To the Editor of the Blade:

Several months ago I looked eagerly in every paper for letters from Washington Territory, and now I wish there had been somebody to right to the paper in just as truthful a way as they would like others to deal with them. The Country is being overestimated and overrated. The railroad companies, store keepers, and hotel keepers being the most interested, they claim everything can be raised in the way of fruit and vegetables. Fruit trees are being cut down, this Spring, in this section, being winter killed, and there is a great dearth of vegetables and fruits in market, in comparison with markets in the East. I saw a very few little apples, about two degrees smaller than those we wouldn't touch in our cellar last fall, and they are only seven cents per pound; a few beets and parsnips, at two and a half cents per pound; potatos, one and a half cents per pound, and that is all that I have seen in the line of vegetables. Butter, of which I have not tasted a good article since my arrival, is now 40 cents; eggs, considered cheap at 20 cents per dozen; groceries and dry goods are the highest, as compared with Eastern markets, coffee, 25 cents; light brown sugar, 12½ cents, &c.; flour, $1 10 per sack. Rents and property are very high. Houses rent from $18 per month up. Dayton is only about 10 years old, is the terminus of the Branch Rail Road, and is built in a low valley, at the junction of two creeks, is surrounded by hills and mountains, and no timber within seven miles. Wood is $6 per cord. Wheat is the staple at 50 cents per bushel. There are sawmills back in the mountains, which hold out flattering prospects of work for some of the men that swarm the streets, if they ever resume work. Emigrants are pouring in on every train, and I see some most forlorn faces and hear some big sighs, for many have no money to go back on, and all are disappointed and disgusted. There is some land to be taken back about 60 miles, but the best is taken every where and soon there will be no choice. The objections are want of wood and water. Wood has to be hauled 30 and 40 miles, and they have to dig from 60 to 90 feet for water, unless they take up in the mountains, and there it is either too rough and hilly or too frosty to farm. There is some good land in the Big Bend country, but it is open to the same objections. A great deal of it is unsettled yet; and now, ye who have comfortable homes or are getting along well enough in the East, be content and stay where you are. This place is no Eden. There are half a dozen men in this place who have been here several years that will say the same, and say to poor emigrants: Don't come, at least not here to Dayton.

E. A. HUTCHINSON.

Dayton, Wash. Ter.

The Rum Power.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

When your club agent here told me that the BLADE had espoused the temperance cause and was a "red hot" temperance paper, and that I, as a life long temperance man, ought to take it, I put my hand right into my pocket and pulled out my "bottom dollar" and told him to send for it at once, and I have got the worth of my dollar in the few weeks that I have taken it, though I have but little time to read it. I think that temperance workers ought to feel encouraged when such a leading paper declares its intention to "pulverize the rum power," especially when we remember what a mighty blow it dealt out to slavery. We are glad to hear Nasby's withering sarcasm coming up again from the X Roads with the same telling effect that it did in the days that "tried men's souls." The same men, the same party that saved our country then, will (under God) again rescue our beloved country from destruction by the hands of the rum fiend. Your position in regard to a "third party" has been ours for the past thirty years or more, and we wonder at the stupidity of its advocates, nor do we wonder at the impatience of some of your correspondents, and the hard names they call them. As well might the cambric needle say to the ten pound magnet, I am not going to you; you shall come to me. They will draw from the Temperance vote until Temperance and rum are evenly balanced, and show how zealous they are in the cause by refusing to cast their votes on the side of humanity and right. I have come to the conclusion that if the cause of Temperance ever triumphs it will not be by the help of such men, but in spite of them, men of all parties will vote squarely on the question without sacrificing other cherished principles, and the right will triumph. God is on the side of right, and "if God be for us, who can be against us?" Go on; fight manfully. "Strike till the last armed foe expires."

EARNEST.

Picture Rock, Lycoming Co., Pa.

For the Blade.

The Old Log Cabin.

Dr. Scott, in his first No. on "Recollections of Pioneer Life in the West" speaks of the changes that have taken place during the last 50 years. He says, "The log cabin, the double log barn, well sweep, rail fences, &c, are all blotted out of existence. How the people lived then, what they did, and how they did things, their manners, customs and social habits, their religious views, their superstitions, and general mental and intellectual status, &c, all, everything that belonged to the age, have passed behind the cloud and become buried beneath the drifting sands of the age." One of my neighbors, who has been a resident of Oregon 30 years, recently visited his old home in Ohio, and passed through portions of Illinoise, Indiana, Pennsylvania and New York. He says the old fashioned drawbars are common use in those States. This does not corroborate the statement of Dr. Scott. The people of Oregon generally use good gates. Not long since I wrote a short letter for *Farm and Fireside* of Springfield, Ohio, and it was published in said paper on February 1st, giving the advantages and disadvantages of Oregon and Washington Territory. Since the publication of said letter, I have received and answered 50 letters from persons residing east of the Rocky Mountains, principally in Ohio and New York, asking for a more particular description of Oregon and Washington Territory. With only two or three exceptions, these letters are very defective in orthography. I would ask Dr. Scott if the common schools disappeared with the old log school houses and their appurtenances?

Dr. Scott, in his second number, gives a true and vivid description of prairies on fire. Good generalship was necessary to arrest the progress of fire in the timbered land; in the prairies it could not be done. When the writer was about 17 years old, a Mr. Prewitt gave him a $5 book for his generalship in stopping a fire that was threatening to destroy his farm. People were advised to fall flat on the ground, face down, and hold their breath, if overtaken by fire on the prairie. In his third number, Dr. Scott gives a very interesting account of the enthusiastic meetings of the Newlights, their shouting, and the preacher always exhorting the people to be ready for the second coming of the Son of Man, etc. Dr. Scott does not tell about the man who was anxiously looking for the second coming of Christ, and who roused his wife from sleep in the night and told her that the Lord was coming, for he heard the wheels of his chariot rolling. The old lady answered by saying: "Lie still, you old fool! Don't you know the Lord would not come in a chariot when it is such good sleighing!"

The first camp-meeting I ever attended, I saw an old negro woman have the jerks. After going through various exercises of body and limbs, she fell prostrate on the ground and remained motionless about two hours.

X.

For Ten Cents.

The St. Louis Magazine, now in its fifteenth year, brilliantly illustrated, replete with stories, poems, timely reading and humor. $1.50 a year. Sample copy and a set of gold colored picture cards sent for ten cents. Address C. Gilmore, 213 North Eighth street, St. Louis. The WEEKLY BLADE and this magazine sent one year for $1.75.

SPECIAL PREMIUM TO THE WIVES OF GROCERS A most Magnificent Premium can be had by the Wife of every Grocer in the United States.

The Premium is a very handsome Velvet Plush Case, containing 6 beautiful Heavy Plated Silver Knives and Forks, manufactured specially for this purpose, and guaranteed to be the finest quality made.

The Premium is given to the Wife of a Grocer even if her husband does not sell The Frank Siddalls Soap

It will be sent *after* she has made a *Thorough Trial* of the Soap, and enough Soap to make the trial will be sent *Free of Charge.*

The Wife of a Grocer who desires to get this Valuable Premium *MUST FIRST* try a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap on the whole of the regular family wash *strictly by the very easy directions* and then send word by mail to the office in Philadelphia, together with business card or printed advertisement of some kind to show that her husband is a grocer, or send a bill for groceries bought of some wholesale grocer. If not, a cake will be sent by mail, PRICE OF CAKE, if the 2 promises are made.

The Premium is NOT sent until AFTER a thorough trial of The Frank Siddalls Soap has been made, and no letters from any one asking for information about the Premium will be answered until AFTER the Soap has been used.

Try The Frank Siddalls Soap for SHAVING.—Dont be a Clam

Send postal for an interesting pamphlet of value to every person. Mailed free of charge.

The Frank Siddalls Soap WILL DO everything claimed when the directions are strictly followed Statements to the contrary are untrue —So Dont be a Clam.

Will cure Itching Piles so quickly as to seem almost miraculous, giving relief as soon as applied.

"THE TOLEDO BLADE."

authorizes the statement that a thorough test of The Frank Siddalls Soap for Toilet, Laundry, and General Household Uses in the houses of gentlemen connected with its staff proves it to be everything claimed.

WHY DOES

a woman's health so often break down at an early age? Put a man at the wash-tub let him get heated from the hot suds until every pore is opened, then let him stand over the filthy steam that comes from Scalding and Boiling clothes that are full of sweat and exhalations from the skin, and his health certainly would break down before long:—and yet this terrible ordeal is exactly what

A WOMAN

has to go through on wash-day; and besides, while overheated and with her clothing wet from perspiring at the hot work, she has to risk her life by going out in the air to hang up the clothes.

Even those not at the work are in the unhealthy atmosphere; its smell, so apparent to Visitors, showing that it finds its way to all parts of the house; the family, however, often becoming so accustomed to the peculiar odor from its own wash as scarcely to notice it.

These facts, which are known to be true by every housekeeper, readily explain why so many women suffer with Rheumatism, Weak Nerves or Neuralgia, and

LOOK OLD

while yet young in years; and Physicians and Boards of Health cannot draw attention too strongly to the injurious effects of the usual way of washing, with its necessary Steam and Scalding or Boiling to get the clothes pure and sweet-smelling, especially as it is so very often the direct cause of those dreadful diseases, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, Consumption, and Typhoid Fever. **Fortunately this trouble can be avoided**; Scalding, Boiling, and Steam done away with; clothes made sweet and beautifully white; *from the saving in fuel the wash is done at a less cost than when home-made Soap is used;* and much

SOONER THAN

by the old way, by using **FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP**; a Soap so Purifying and Cleansing that the dirtiest clothing can be washed in lukewarm water with very little rubbing, and Clothes, Bedding and Utensils used by the Sick, disinfected and cleansed without either Scalding or Boiling; while the work is so light, that a girl of 12 or 13 can do a large wash, without being tired; and yet so Mild and Healing is this Soap, that for Toilet and Shaving it has no equal, and Physicians advise its use in preference to Imported Castile Soap, on wounds and sores, and to wash the youngest infants; and for ladies with delicate skin. Now that there is a remedy for this "great wash-day evil," *so economical in its use as to be within the reach of the poorest,* there is not a woman or

A MAN

who is not directly interested in having introduced in their homes **THAT WONDERFUL WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES**, which, ***when properly tried,*** does away with the hard work, Offensive Smell and Fearful Steam on wash-day, and makes the White Pieces whiter, Colored Pieces brighter, and Flannels softer than they can be made by washing the old way, and also leaves every article as Clean, as Sweet, and as Pure as if never worn.

And now let every man and woman set aside prejudice and try Frank Siddalls Soap.

DONT BE A CLAM

Persons who allow articles said to be as good as The Frank Siddalls Soap to be forced on them when the merits thereof are known, DESERVE TOUGH LUCK AND GET WHAT THEY DESERVE

Even a person of only ordinary intelligence will know, by inspection, that a soap that is excellent for the Skin should possibly hurt clothes

Clams are not a proper model for human beings to copy after for they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, *but they shut up very tight when anything new comes along*

FOR THEY ARE CLAMS

and dont propose to allow things to penetrate their shells that were unknown to their grandfather clams and to their grandmother clams

A Clam is not a good thing for a Housekeeper to copy after:—

A Clam is not a good thing for a Farmer to copy after:—is not a good thing for a Grocer to copy after:—

A Clam is not a good thing for a Butter Worker and a Hay Fork

A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER will try new ways *that are endorsed by leading newspapers*

A WIDE-AWAKE FARMER will try a new thing

A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER will buy the kind of goods his customers call for

A WIDE-AWAKE MAN always wants to try the Soap he sees highly recommended for Toilet, Bath and Shaving.

Of course a woman is NOT expected to try *every* new thing that is offered her; but when *the most reliable papers in the United States emphatically endorse in the strongest manner* every claim made for The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of trial strictly as directed. Intelligent women are adopting The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, *and those who have done so are already beginning to look down with pity on persons who are set in their old ways:*—SO DONT BE A CLAM

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with chapped skin; *a child will not dread having its face washed when this Soap is used* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile soap often causes; it always leaves the Skin soft and smooth; wash your baby with it.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.

A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.

It leaves a pleasant, aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake water

Persons who despise a musty Sponge or Wash-rag will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you. It is the place of Soap to keep a Sponge or Wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out*); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp: the hair will not be any itching of the scalp: Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-house Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!

Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!

No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!

The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to Injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce, *remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel, is necessary and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash*

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as Soft as when New!

The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!

A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!

And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for washing Dishes;—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the Smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from Forks and Dishes. When you have given them soap made of rancid grease, blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Pure Beef Suet, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a clean sweet smelling cloth. So here is the Housekeeper's choice: Common Soap and a foul dish-rag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of

FOR HOUSE-CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; *ordinary Soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass,* while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose and does away with the Use of Ammonia.

Use it for washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc. *It is the nicest thing for Marble that can be imagined.*

For washing Bed Clothes, and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infections Diseases, and for washing Utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with Prickly Heat, or be trouble with sores of any kind, when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so Pure and Mild.

Dont use Soda for washing Nursing Bottles or Gum Tubes *dont even scald them:*—wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL TEACHER

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them free from grease; the Soap does not even have to be rinsed off. *Blackboards that are considered worthless can be restored by washing with The Frank Siddalls Soap.*

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that Skin Diseases, such as Ringworm, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Pimples on the face, etc., are caused by soap made from rancid grease:—

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without any possibility of scratching them, *while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing expensive brushes used by the students*

For washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will not have fleas.

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than benzine or hartshorn for cleaning clothing, *and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.*

Use it for wiping off Oil Cloths, Linoleums, etc.—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT—*and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer.*

The hands of those at farm-work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, *will not chap* from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap, or any other kind, MUST NOT BE USED, (*not even Castile Soap*)

It is invaluable to Farmers for washing wool before carding it or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns, and all Milk Utensils, when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap, will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Jeweler, the Printer, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel, the Stable, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE

It washes freely in hard water, and be sure to remember, where water is scarce, that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* No Stable is complete without it. For Harness it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing Carriages and Car Windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, *it is without a rival;* by its use Paint and Varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine; and Parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this. Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse and the Patient its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the Sick-room, the Nursery and the Hospital.

A CERTAIN CURE—IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS—*A CERTAIN CURE* in place of cotton-wool a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed Places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Tetter, Ringworm, Salt Rheum, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects so often experienced when other soap is used; while for washing the Invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise tend to counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes. Always leave plenty of the lather on, dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

Will cure Ingrowing Toe-nails.

Try The Frank Siddalls Soap for Toilet and Bath

Try The Frank Siddalls Soap for Cleaning House

DONT BE A CLAM

How to tell a Person of Refinement
A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a New, Easy, Clean Way of Washing Clothes, in place of the old, hard sloppy way.

How to tell a Person of Intelligence
A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to tell a Person of Honor
A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to tell Sensible Persons
Sensible Persons will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one Honest trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake: *If a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.*

How a Lady can get the Soap to Try
At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores:
Send the retail price 10 cents in money or postage stamps.
Say she saw the advertisement in "The Toledo Blade."
Only send for one cake and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used *the first wash-day after receiving it,* and that *every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.*

Promise No. 2—That *the person sending will personally see* that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be *exactly* followed.

By return mail a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on:—

All this is done for 10 cents *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have NOT made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake. *Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.* A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer, the Wife of a Minister or the Wife of a Physician if the above TWO promises are made, *but will NOT be sent if the promises are NOT made.*

In directing Letters to prominent business houses it is NOT necessary to put either Street or Number on the Envelope. Address all communications as follows:

Office of Frank Siddalls Soap Philadelphia Pa

STAMP

If so directed they are immediately, on reaching the Philadelphia Post-office, put in our Lock Drawer and brought to our office by our own Private Messenger, thus avoiding any delay or any danger of wrong delivery.

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child 10 or 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used, *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the Tea-Kettle the first time, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier and the clothes handsomer

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound.

Dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but dont use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands, add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw the piece back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows; Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap,*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the Blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the Blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Offices of The Frank Siddalls Soap, 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

An Eminent Divine says:—"The Advancement of the World & the Spread of Civilization & Christianity depends on interchange of thought among people, and their willingness to learn, and that the Man or Woman who opposes the introduction of new improvements, the trial of new Ways and the use of new things, Should be condemned as not being good and useful members of Society

Husbands ask your Wives,
Wives coax your Husbands,
Sisters persuade your Brothers,
Brothers tell your Sisters,
to try the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Although it seems strange to use for Toilet, Shaving, &c. the same kind of Soap that is recommended for Kitchen use, still sensible people know that the world moves, and will be glad to try The Frank Siddalls Soap.

AND NOW IF NOT SET IN YOUR OLD WAYS
be sure to try The Frank Siddalls Soap for Toilet—Bath—Shaving—try it for Washing Dishes—for House-cleaning—for Scrubbing—and be sure to try The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Every subscriber to this paper is specially interested in reading the whole of this page, each line is important to every Man Woman and Child or it would not be published but would be omitted, and so reduce the cost of the Advertisement

and Remember there is nothing Stated Here BUT THE SIMPLE TRUTH

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

Correspondents writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

GENERAL ETIQUET

XXVI.

Doctors and ministers should always be addressed in letters by their titles. So far as the first are concerned they have won them by hard study and upon the wide-spread recognition of the fact depends their success in life. To omit their professional name is to refuse to give them the advantage which belongs to it, and seems to throw doubt upon their claim to the distinction. It is, therefore, a breach of etiquet to address them as plain Mr. or Mrs., but the term "Doctor" or its abbreviation should always be employed. It may be written either "Dr. G. A. Adams," or G. A. Adams, M. D.

So far as clergymen are concerned, the use of the Reverend is not only a mark of respect to them individually, but reverence for their office. It should never be omitted from their letters. Bishops of all denominations are addressed as Right Reverend, and Ministers as Reverend. The college honors are also added as: Rev. George Harrison D. D. (Doctor of Divinity), or L. L D. (Doctor of Laws), as the case may be. In England where a degree is considered so desirable, B. A. and M. A. are used, but not in this country.

Now for the different kinds of letters. I have already spoken of those which are simply friendly, and of the rules which should govern their preparation. Besides these, however, are letters of business, condolence, congratulation, introduction, recommendation, application for business position, acceptance of such, and notes of invitation, of acceptance or refusal. The latter have been already touched upon. A business letter should be always to the point. Here the virtue of brevity is necessary if anywhere in the world. Have a clear idea of what you want to say, then put it in the fewest possible words. Many women in writing such letters make the mistake of spreading all over the page with explanations and repetitions of which there is no need. Suppose you want to send to some house for samples of goods. I have seen such a letter begin thus: "I thought I would like to see some kind of wool goods in all of the different shades of blue, before purchasing a spring dress, so concluded to write to you for samples. Please send some right away, as I am in a hurry, and if I like any of them I will give you an order. Be sure and send all of the shades."

Stop and think for a moment how utterly absurd this is, and how much better the following form:

TOLEDO, May 5, 1884.

ARNOLD & CONSTABLE,
GENT'S.

Please send to my address as early as possible samples of wool goods, different shades of blue.

Yours Truly,
JULIA C. ANDERSON.

Many people use the prefix Messrs. to the name of the firm. That, however, is a matter of choice.

The same rule in regard to brevity holds good in all kinds of business letters. If you are writing a reply to some statement or proposition, it should be prefaced thus: "Yours of the 9th inst., is at hand."

One of the most difficult letters to write is that of condolence. It is so hard to say just the right thing—words that shall soothe instead of opening the wound afresh. If you are a near and dear friend your own heart promptings, combined with your knowledge of the temperament and needs of the one who is stricken, will tell you what will be most comforting. Often, however, it becomes a social duty to write a few words expressive of sympathy when it must necessarily be a more formal affair. It is difficult to give an exact form for such a letter, as circumstances must cause it to vary, but something like the following might do:

Buffalo, Jan 10, 1884.

MR. AND MRS. W. H. LEE,
Dear Friends;

Words are utterly inadequate to convey to you my sympathy in your deep grief at the sad loss which has made your home desolate. Nothing I can say will lighten that, but perhaps the knowledge that friends are feeling with and for you, will bring a gleam of comfort in the midst of your sorrow.

Truly Your Friend
GEORGE A. KENDRICK.

If the life of the person just gone has been a beautiful one some allusion to that will be pleasant and grateful, but unless you know just what is needed, do not multiply words. An attempt to offer religious consolation, an admonition to bow to the will of Providence, a reminder that God sends afflictions in order to chasten sinners, with other regulation phrases, often seem more like mockery than anything else, even when spoken with good intent, and be assured they will do so if written, unless expressed in exactly the right way. Better not attempt to preach a sermon or deduce a moral. A simple expression of sympathy like the above is the best.

Letters of congratulations are much easier to write. Happy people are ready to look at everything in a roseate light, and to take good wishes, however expressed, as sincere. Still persons sometimes find themselves at a loss as to the form of a letter of this kind and for the benefit of such I will give the following:

BOSTON, Mass., June 5, 1884.

MR. AND MRS. A. CHAMPNEY,
Dear Friends;

Allow me to offer my hearty congratulations upon the approaching marriage of your daughter. Though the event must inevitably have a tinge of sadness to you, yet the happiness of one you love so tenderly will do much to drive it away. That the union may prove to be one upon which good angels smile, that it may bring lasting joy, peace and prosperity to the happy couple, and therefore to you, is the heartfelt wish of

Your friend,
JANET L. WHITCOMB.

The above forms are not given as inflexible, but simply as guides to be varied as circumstances or taste may dictate.

A letter of introduction should be dated and addressed the same as any other and should always be handed to the bearer unsealed. It may read: "Permit me the pleasure of introducing to you my friend, Mr. C. H. Allen, who is to visit your place shortly. Any attentions you may show him will be regarded as a personal favor." Or suppose you are simply introducing some one who is merely an acquaintance, and to assist him in gaining a desired object. You might then say: "Allow me to introduce Mr. C. H. Allen, a gentleman who is looking for a position in your City, and one whom I recommend to your kind offices." If you do not want to endorse the bearer to the extent of such a recommendation, substitute for the last clause, "and who will be very grateful for any advice or information you may be willing to give him."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration

Wall Pocket. Materials. A round fan either palm leaf or Japanese. Piece of wadding sufficient to cover it. Piece of satin same size. Pasteboard same size as fan with a segment cut out of the upper part. Plush to cover this. Two triangular revers of satin same color as lining. Two dozen pompon balls for trimming of edges. Tinsel edging sufficient to go around the fan.

Lay the wadding over the fan and paste the satin over that around the edge. Cover the pasteboard for front with the plush. Line it with muslin. Make the revers with a stiff foundation interlining and edge them with the tinsel lace. The plush and the satin background may be embroidered or painted as any one chooses. It is to be hung by the handle. The revers are to be served to the top of the front, the two meeting in the center. It is a very pretty ornament.

Crocheting. Shell Stitch. The foundation can be worked with single crochet on the whole stitch of the row last worked. It is made in d. c. First make a chain, then two rows of s. c.; 3d row 2 s. c. Then you are ready for the shell stitch. Throw the cotton once over the needle, and take up both right loops of the 3d stitch on the 1st row. * Throw the cotton over the needle and draw it through; throw the cotton over the needle and draw only through two loops on the needle; repeat twice from star. Now there are four loops left on the needle. Throw the cotton over the needle and draw it through the four remaining loops. The stitch on the last row next the shell stitch is repeated after every 5 s. c. and alternated on every other row. Abbreviation, s. s.

Embroidery—Herringbone Stitch.—When worked this stitch resembles a letter X placed in continuous lines. The great point is to work in even parallel lines. Put the needle in from right to left at the bottom line, take up a few threads and draw out the needle quite straight with the place you put it in. Then at an angle work another stitch in the same way at the upper line, keeping the thread over the little finger of the right hand.

Chair Pillow.—Take a piece of Turkish toweling 24 ins. long and 15 ins. wide. Work two fancy stripes 4 ins. wide and 15 long of silk, cloth and flannel. Cut cretonne flowers, baste them on the strip, and embroider over the flowers with silk of the same colors. Chain-stitch the bands on the pillow, laying a plait in the center so that the middle of the pillow will rest midway down the back of the chair and the two ends higher on either side, gather the ends and crochet an edging on with worsted and floss of the predominating colors in the stripe; finish with cord and tassels, the cord to suspend it from the back of the chair. The pillow should be filled with curled hair.

A Very Pretty Scrap Bag—Take a straw sleeve-protector such as grocerymen wear. Work on each side some pretty design, strawberries on one side, daisies and cat-tails on the other. Gather a band of plush, or any material desired, on the bottom or small end of cuff; gather the lower side of plush inside; put a narrow puff at the top of bag, line with silesia; a small-sized rope fringed a little at both ends, sew on the sides above where it is fringed for the handle; make tassels by fringing out rope; put four tassels on the bag where the plush is sewed on, at equal intervals; finish with a large tassel at the bottom. I also know a nice way to make a breakfast cap of hair-pin trimming, made of Barbour's linen thread.—CLARA M.

Fence Row Insertion.—Cast on 14 stitches and knit every other row plain. The loops in the over must be dropped. First row—Knit plain. Second row—K 3—o 2—n—k 1—o 2—n—k 6. Fourth row—k 4—o 2—n—k 1—o 2—n—k 5. Sixth row—k 5—o 2—n—k 1—o t—n—k 4. Eighth row—k 6—o 2—n—k 1—o 2—n—k 3. Tenth row—k 7—o—n—k 1—o 2—n—k 2. Now knit two rows plain, after which begin at the beginning.

Crocheted Lace.—Make a chain the desired length. First row, four chain, one long crochet stitch into the third foundation-stitch, one chain, six long crochet stitches into the second foundation-stitch, one chain, miss one foundation stitch, one long crochet, one chain, miss one, one long crochet, three chain, miss two, one long crochet, one chain, one long crochet, one chain, miss one, six long crochets into the second foundation stitch Repeat to end of row. Second and third rows—Like first. Fourth and fifth rows—Same, except eight long crochet stitches are made in center, instead of six. Sixth row—Chain of three, fasten with short crochet stitch into each loop the entire row. This lace may be made any width desired by simply repeating the foundation rows. It is suitable for children's clothes, and also for underwear, if made of linen or linen thread.

Correspondence.

MOUNTAIN SAGE.—I have observed a great diversity in the description, use, etc., of the Mountain Sage, as reported in recent correspondence in HOUSEHOLD Department. The official Mountain Sage or "Sierra Salvia," used as a partial substitute for quinine in malarial districts, or as a diuretic, in some form of kidney troubles, and placed upon the market both in the form of a "Fluid Extract" and the "leaf package," is chiefly found upon the East slopes and foothills of the Rocky Mountains. At the present season of the year, it will be observed as a pale green tuft, resembling a branch of the Family of Mosses. Upon examining with a botanical magnifying lens, each one of these frond-like growths are recognised as a bud awaiting the May sun light to develop it into the leaf or blossom stalk. The leaf stalk, by the first of August, is from four to seven inches in height, with dentate leaves, each in root bearing a cluster of about a dozen. Just then will be noticed a very rapid development of the blossom stalk, which shoots up to a little higher point than the leaf branch, and with 50 to a 100 little Bell-shaped buds along the sides. In about one week the buds open and a pale lemon colored blossom crowns the plant. This is the nick of time, when it should be collected for medicinal use and thoroughly dried for storage.—A. COMSTOCK, M. D., Silver Cliff, Col.

WHAT SHE DOES.—As a year has flown since I called, I thought I would drop in a minute and give Mrs. Ewky a scolding for playing off the way she did about the hens, when she promised to tell us about breaking them. I thought I would soon know it all, but alas, vain hope, that was the last we ever heard of her.

Now I will tell you how I treat wild pullets when they want to set. When I go near the nest away she flies. I leave some corn, and the next time she may fly again, but the next she will be apt to remain on the nest. Then drop a few grains of corn and in a few more trips she will eat out of your hand. I tried several last Spring and succeeded in training all, and have tried three this Spring, and now they eat out of my hand, so you see kindness wins in this case as in all others. A pretty good way to get them in the notion of setting, is to leave a good many eggs in the nest, but this won't work every time. Now "Mrs. Ewky," come along with your experience.

MRS. M. J. C., make a teacup of strong hop tea, and drink it at three drafts, about four hours apart, and when you begin to feel bilious and have a bad taste in your mouth make another cup and take the same way; it is pretty bitter but don't stay in the mouth like quinine. Another good remedy is a cup of hot water before each meal. I have been using it for a year or so, in fact every since I read of it in "Health and Beauty," and it has kept me from having to drink hop tea ever since. Sometimes I don't take any for a week, then begin to feel bad and commence again, and in a day or two am feeling first rate.

"Study Two Shoes" that was a good suggestion of yours about the quilt. I have not sent my piece yet, on account of high water and sickness. I wanted to embroider some symbol of farm life, but haven't had time. I had a flooded family in the house with me, for a while and a short time before they left, Micawber took pneumonia and died, and has not entirely recovered yet, but it will be forthcoming after awhile, and hope it will be better late than never. Well I will take myself off, by asking some one to send a sure remedy for asthma.—MRS. MICAWBER.

HER EXPERIENCE.—After dinner I was so tired I thought I would sit down and knit on Benny's stocking, he needed so much, while I rested and read the BLADE. Baby was taking his mid-day nap. Years ago I read a book on etiquet written by somebody (?), and about all I remember was: "If you have pretty teeth, you may part the lips when you smile." Now I shall always remember it was Miss Emily S. Bouton who wrote Social and Table Etiquet in the BLADE for us, and the papers are all being carefully preserved by me, to be put into a scrap-book for the children.

To-day I read along until I came to Miss Alice Moore telling me how to be a neat housekeeper. She said: "Never have dirty windows." I looked up at mine. Ah, me!

For the first six years of my wedded life I used to preach absolute cleanliness (there were never over four in the family then) then down went my health while up grew two lusty boys. Now, with no means to hire help but part of the time and little boys making dirt all the time, and you know what kind of a housekeeper I am. I used to like "Shirley Dare," until one time she made some remarks about those finger marks (that I thought no one would notice) on the door knob and the dust in the corners of the window-panes. I went immediately to cleaning. While I was cleaning the first window I counted the corners of the panes, and there were 48 beside those in the frame, that being trimmed with molding, there were nearly as many more. Then I multiplied 48 by the 11 windows my house contained, and behold 538. My shoulders ache yet, and if I ever get a chance to build a house to suit me, there shall be no more corners in it than on a dinner plate.

Can't some one tell us how to write interesting letters? I live apart from all my kin and have wondered much why all can not write in an interesting way. Some are fine penmen and write pretty letters, but somehow they are not satisfying, while others are always received with joy, and every child is anxious to hear them read. My daughter says, though her father is much away from home, we do not miss him as much as we should if he did not write such good letters. True, they are loving and good, never forgetting the smallest child; and I know some of them would make even Nasby or Mark Twain laugh. And like them in his descriptions of places and things though the thread of truth runs straight along it is profusely garnished with little tags of fun that can hardly be called truth, yet do properly belong to the thread.

I must close; I might have had Benny's stocking finished by this time. And now I see the sisters smiling, and one, Sister Blunt, says;" and it would have been more sensible too."—M. E. BRIGHT, Warren, St. Croix Co., Wis.

We think a letter like the above, written in an easy chatty way, is always found interesting by the HOUSEHOLD. No doubt our correspondent will be very welcome again.—ED.

SPRING TONIC.—Here is a very simple Spring tonic for "interested one." Take ¼ lb. wild cherry bark, (not pressed but in the loose state,) steep in 1 qt. of water for 24 hours. Do not let it boil. Sweeten to taste. Add a little liquor (if you do not take the BLADE.) One half wine glass three times a day. If you can get plenty of burdock roots steep them and drink. The tea, keep in cold place.—OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

LANGUAGE.—"June," I did not see your request awhile ago, as I am attending school away from home. You have the right ideas, but I do not think you put them into practice in the right manner. You say you take some object or picture and talk with the children about it. Now I think this the better plan: Have the children bring some object to school themselves. If they bring it, it will possess far more interest to them than if it was shown them by some one else. Take one of the objects, no matter what it is; let us suppose it is a couple of leaves of different kinds. Let the children hold the leaves in their hands, and tell all they can about them, their size, color, shapes, stems and veins, the roughness or smoothness of their edges, the harshness or softness of their surface, and anything else which may be suggested. Have them compare the leaves with each other, and tell which is the longer, rounder, wider, larger, greener, and which has the more veins, the longer stem, the smoother surface and rougher edge. See that the statement made by each child is perfectly intelligible, and that correct language is used. Do not ask any more questions than can be helped. Correct all mistakes, criticise them in a kindly way, and let them criticise each other. Lead them on to talk all they want to. Of course you cannot have them all talking at once, but do not make them feel that they must wait till their turn comes, for when a child has discovered anything new he wants to tell it immediately. Be sure and let the children have the object of which they are speaking in their hands, for a child can always talk more and better when he has the object in his possession at the time of speaking.

I do not think I would try to have the children remember and tell about it the next day, for they would not be able to talk as much as if the object was in sight, and talking is just what is wanted in a language exercise. If you try this method I would like to hear how you succeed. I shall be happy if any suggestion of mine will be of any assistance to you. How do you teach the little ones to read, by the word or letter method?

I wonder if all the readers of the BLADE have heard of the Chautauqua Circles, a rather cheap way of getting considerable knowledge and pleasure. If any one wishes to learn more about it I will tell them all I can.—HELEN E. CHESTER.

A WORD.—An old woman wants to know how to begin to "Pulverize the Rum Power." She can't see any other way than to set fire to the Political, Eclesiastical, Military and Monetary machinery of this world and allow the law of God to become the law of the land. That would make the crooked straight and the rough places smooth, and disarm the Devil and do much to fulfil the prophecies and "bring in the Christ that is to be." Will the good sisters of the HOUSEHOLD think and speak their minds!—OCTA GENA, Smith River.

MORE ABOUT CHICKENS.—A. L. Griffith says in his letter to the HOUSEHOLD, April 24, "I never saw any feathers below the thigh on Plymouth Rock chickens, etc." I have raised Plymouth Rocks, for several years and my testimony would be the reverse of his. Chicks of the very best strains do sometimes have feathers below the thigh, and as doctors disagree, I will add a short extract from the *Poultry Journal*, of August, 1881, written by the editor: "The Plymouth Rock has feather leg blood in its composition, and it will take years of careful breeding to eradicate it so that it will not sometime appear in the chicks."

They are not yet classed as true thoroughbreds. It is not generally known that the first cross to procure Plymouth Rocks was between a white cochin male and a black cochin female. The pullets of the above cross were mated to a Dominigan male and their progeny is the Plymouth Rock of the present day.

Any further information concerning this fowl, in my opinion the best breed for farmers, will be cheerfully given upon application.—D. S. PAINE, Land Spring, Delaware Co., Iowa.

MORE OF CHAUTAUQUA.—In last week's BLADE "J. F." makes inquiry concerning Chautauqua, asking if it be only for those who are going to become teachers or ministers. It is for no class in particular. Old and young, rich and poor, great and small, whoever wishes to join may do so. The students of the C. L. S. C. are numbered by thousands, not only in every State in the Union, but Europe, Australia, China and Japan have each furnished graduates in former classes, and each have members in classes now pursuing their studies. There are students 80 years old and others only 10, with those of every age between. Parents and children are studying the course together; yes, grandparents and grandchildren in some instances. You will find our students in every condition of life, farmers' wives, mothers, housekeepers and fashionable ladies, merchants, mechanics, railroad men, cowboys, laborers, teachers and farmers. Some of the greatest men and women in our country are Chautauquans. The regular course is for four years, at the end of which time each student having gone through the required studies, receives a diploma, with the privilege of going on and obtaining "seals."

The mottos are, "We study the Words and Works of God;" "Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the midst:" "Never be discouraged."

The last two years we have had Grecian, Roman, English, French, Scandinavian, Asiatic, Canadian and American History. Readings in American, English, and French literature, in commercial law, in physical science, in political economy, and in religious selections. We have had geology, astronomy and vegetable biology, not going very deeply into those, of course, but enough to give one new thoughts and ideas, and to create a longing for more. Among our religious studies, we have this year the "Philosophy of the plan of Salvation," "Christian Evidences," and "Sunday School Normal Class Studies."

We have also short lessons on hygiene. I have not named all of the branches, but enough to show how broad a field is covered. The cost is small, not more than $7 a year, and as the books are all excellent, at the end of the course you have a valuable little library which book lovers will appreciate and be proud of. I am only in my second year, having joined in the Fall of 1883. I am an invalid, suffering from spinal injury; have been unable to leave my home for going on three years; have not been dressed since two years last January, and I can hardly tell you what the C. L. S. C. has been to me. I should be glad to persuade even one poor sufferer to take it up. It is such a relief to have something to turn to when pain relaxes a little. I keep my books and papers by me, and often when utterly unable to read or study, I have found it a comfort to handle them, and know they were there waiting for me. I think the C. L. S. C. one of the grandest ideas ever originated. It is elevating in its effect, socially, morally, and religiously, and what it teaches is also of great practical use and value.—MRS. L. J. STRONG, Galesburg, Ill.

Inquiries.

Will some one kindly give recipe for cement to mend broken glassware without perception.—MRS. C. M. C.

Will you, or some of the HOUSEHOLD kindly tell me how to wash tidies worked on canvas, entirely in green, so that the color will not run, also those worked with red, black or blue on cream-colored or white canvas?—MRS. G. O. HOWARD.

Will some one give a remedy through the HOUSEHOLD for eczemat—L. F.

Is it wrong for a young lady to invite a gentleman friend to her house? Also is it wrong, if he should have a relative or friend (gentleman, I mean) visiting him, to invite them both?—INQUISITIVE.

We fail to see that there would be any wrong in either case.—ED.

Please give, in the columns of the HOUSEHOLD Department, Queen Victoria's name in full.—A CONSTANT READER.

The families of both Queen Victoria and her husband date back so long that their patronymics have been forgotten. Probably she is the Widow Wettin, as Wettin is supposed to have been Prince Albert's surname.—ED.

I should like to learn a pretty pattern for "Zephyr-edging, crocheted.—JENNIE CHATFIELD, Galt, Missaukee Co., Mich.

Will some kind reader please tell me something about oil painting on cards or wood? The cards that I saw with paintings on them resembled those used by photographers for cabinet size photos. Where can I get them; also, cost of same? Should the painting be varnished? Will any kind of brushes, except camel's hair, be required? Do I need anything else to draw outline with except lead pencil? I can draw very nicely with lead pencils.—LADY READER.

Will some of the many readers of the BLADE be kind enough to tell me how to stain and varnish a violin? Oil or anything that will go into the wood will not do as it will injure the sound.—A LIFETIME SUBSCRIBER.

"May Queen" what do you mean in your lace collar pattern by saying at the end. "Turn and commence as in first row s 1—p 18—o 2 p 2—tog. etc., when the first row does not commence that way.—EMMA WILLIAMS, Purien, O.

Will some one give me a recipe for pickling green butternuts and walnuts? I have had some in brine since last Summer. Will they be good to pickle now, and if so, how shall I do?—MRS. S. J. S.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD please send directions how to make pickles of peppers, green or ripe, also how to pickle red cabbage?—MRS. J. E. T.

Will some of the kind sisters please tell me how to make iceing, to go between mountain cake?—ANXIOUS.

I am dependent upon my own exertions for a livelihood, and while I do not consider myself on the verge of idiocy, yet am not aware of possessing any *one* remarkable talent, and I do wish some one would feel called upon to tell of something that I could do and receive reasonable compensation for. I have tried country school teaching and, as those who have tried it, can testify, it has many serious drawbacks. My health will not permit a steady round of either sewing or general housework. I have a good knowledge of bookkeeping which I would like to teach or put in practice but, as yet, the opportunity is lacking. I do not think I lack ambition, but believe I would succeed better if I possessed a trifle more assurance and confidence in myself. I wish some one would tell of some light employment. I have learned some kinds of fancy work, but nothing I have ever tried has paid me what it cost.—ELSIE BRONISON.

Any practical suggestions for the employment of women will be welcome in the HOUSEHOLD, as it will do others good beside our correspondent. The Editor will, sometime during the year, begin a series of articles upon the subject which she hopes will be of benefit to many of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

Will some one inform me how old young birds are before they commence to sing, and also should they be separated from one another in separate cages? Please tell me what DC, SC and GH means in the deep crocheted lace in the BLADE of April 17th—MISS C. G. D., Troutman, Pa.

Have received seeds of Minoea Levistoia and Paulonia Imperialis from "Mrs. Warner." Will "A. E. G." please tell me through the HOUSEHOLD how and when to sow, also the kind of cultivation required? Are they large or small trees when grown? —AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Answers to Inquiries.

MRS. "E, M. J."—Paper will stick to whitewashed walls if they are first washed with vinegar. For paste, take rye flour, make starch just as you would for starching clothes, only a little thicker. Apply with a clean whitewash brush to the paper.—E. F. EGELSTON, box 11, Croton, Delawafe County, N. Y.

To the lady who wishes to know how to take tea stains off from dishes.—Take a moist cloth, put a little salaratus on your cloth and rub the stained part. You will find it is good to clean spoons also.—HATTIE.

MY WAY OF MAKING COFFEE.—Get very best O. G. Java, ¼ Mocha, if you like mixed, look carefully over to remove foreign substances; wash thoroly, put into skillet, or what is better, a smooth, round-bottomed shallow kettle, stir constantly to prevent burning, over brisk fire. When cooked so that you can break a kernel with your teeth, remove from fire; stir in a lump of butter size of hickory nut; grind in coffee mill while hot. 1 tablespoonful for each person, and 1 for coffee pot is my rule. Mix in ½ egg, 1 cup warm water; put into coffee pot with 1 pt. warm water, bring to boil; add as much boiling water as needed, serve immediately. Be sure your coffee pot is as clean and sweet as soap and water and scouring can make it, and perfectly tight so that no steam can escape. If you can do no better get a perfectly clean white cloth into the spout. Never boil, but always slowly steep your coffee, and never allow the aroma to escape, whatever way you make it.—OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

I wish to tell "Lover of the BLADE" who asked last week for imformation how to make a darned net over-dress for a little girl, that a very pretty way is to make the common slip with flounce reaching to the knee; put it at least an inch larger than you wish to have it when completed. Darn the bottom of flounce and sleeves in some suit able pattern in stripes, with figures all over the dress, though it is quite as pretty without the figures. Make a sash to tie around it, done in some pattern as dress. Use linen floss of you wish it to laundry nicely. This suit is very pretty worn over pale blue or pink sateen or cambric muslin made perfectly plain. Simply a slip fashioned or pinked around the bottom looks best.—MARCIE.

In reply to "J," I will say that the teachings of Chautauqua, are for all persons who desire to read and study after school days are passed. It is a methodical plan of true "self education" and it is to help one keep abreast of the times. In my book "About Chautauqua," I have given in full its idea and aim. Also information descriptive of its summer session and place, how to get there and all about its several departments of instruction, besides many incidents of the six weeks sojourn in the charming "City of the Woods."—EMILY RAYMOND, Toledo, O.

In answer to "Milly" who asks a cure for sweating. If she will make sage tea and drink it cold, it will cure her.—NAIL CITY.

To the lady wishing to know how to color blue on cotton that will not fade, I give my recipe, which I have tried, and I know it is good. For three pounds of goods dissolve one of copperas in four gallons of rain water; wet the goods in warm suds; put into the copperas water and let it remain 10 minutes; dissolve in another vessel two ounces of prussic potash in four gallons of rain water; then wring your goods and put them in this solution and let them remain five minutes; wring out again. Now add one ounce oil of vitriol to the potash water; stir well; put the goods in and bring to a boil, letting the goods remain until the desired shade is obtained.—SOUR GRAPES, New London, Ia.

Tell "Motherless" to make her cotton counterpain of unbleached and the figures upon it of candle wicking; draw the wicking through, leaving two ends about one inch long on the right side. I have seen them with just the outline of the figures made wholly of the tufts of wicking. I prefer just the outline. Make before washing the cloth.—MISS LUCY W. WRAY, Baineville, Clay Co., Minn.

For those afflicted with catarrh or cold in the head, purchase five or ten cents worth of cubebs and smoke in a pipe. These are far better than cigarets.

If you want to make rugs, tuft them and then you will have rugs that will last forever almost, and if they are tufted thick and close you wont be always having them kicked up or twisted around out of place.

To those who contemplate making rug carpets, you need not bind or hem them, but simply measure your carpet exactly where you wish to cut it. Now count off three strands of the filling (on one side) and whip it over and over, clear across the width, then count off three on the other side and treat in the same manner, and then cut in the center of the six strands, being careful not to cut any of the stitches. If this is done correctly you cannot ravel it at all. Try on an old piece first. This holds good on yarn carpets also.

Quite a handsome piece of fancy work can be made by cutting a paller out of pasteboard and covering with scarlet satin and painting a spray of flowers on it. Set on an easel or hang on the wall by putting a bow and loop to it, or cord and tassels.

If this is acceptable will come again, perhaps.—DIMPLE.

Seeing a request from Ella Guernsey for a song named "The Death of Minnahaha," will say I know one that the subject of it is an Indian massacre on the Minnahaha River. If that is the song she wants and she will send me stamp for postage I will gladly send it to her.—C. R. BROWN, Ladue, Henry Co., Mo.

Some time since I noticed in the HOUSEHOLD where a lady told us to put coal oil or turpentine, I have forgotten which, under the old hen's wings to kill the vermin. If she will get carbolic acid (it can be had at any drug store) and mix it with fresh lard, just enough to make the lard smell of the acid, she can put that on the old hen's wings and on the little chickens, too. It will not hurt them. It is also very good to put on burns or chapped hands.

A lady asked what to do with her lemon tree. This is what I did with mine: Take a thin stick and scrape the bugs loose, then wash the tree with strong soapsuds. If they come back after a while do just the same way.—A READER.

Recipes.

Angel's Food.—(Delicious.)—Six eggs, 1 cupful butter, 2 cupfuls sugar, 4 cupfuls flour, 1 teaspoonful soda mixed in a little milk, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar rubbed in the flour. Bake in very shallow pans, as for jelly cake; 3 cocoanuts grated, 1 small cake of chocolate grated, whites of 4 eggs beaten some but not to a stiff froth, 2 lbs. sugar, 1 tumbler water. Boil sugar and water until it is thick, then beat in the eggs until it is white; then divide into three parts—into 1 part mix cocoanut flavored with lemon, in the next part mix chocolate flavored with vanilla. Place this in alternate layers between the cake. When it is filled up high, ice the top with the third part, and sprinkle over it some of the cocoanut which you have kept for that purpose.—OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Custard Pie—Two Pies—Three pts. perfectly sweet milk, 5 eggs, 4 heaping tablespoonfuls sugar; nutmeg; have your pie tins 2 inches deep, 7¼ inches straight across the bottom and 9½ inches across the top; have them made with wire around upper edge, instead of pressed over. You will never regret getting such tins. I forgot to say, put bottom crust, then the custard; have bottom of oven very hot, but don't bake too fast, or your pie will boil. Do not bake too much, but just enough to be firm. Let the pie get perfectly cold before eating. I always put mine on ice.—OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Bread Recipe.—Take a tin pail or earthen pitcher holding ½ a gal.; put in 1 teaspoonful of sugar heaped up, 1 teaspoonful of fine salt, ½ teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, or sal soda will answer if no other is at hand, on these pour 1 pt. of boiling water; when this has cooled so as not to scald the flour, add flour enough to make a rather stiff batter. This must be beaten up well for at least five minutes. Place the pitcher or pail in a larger pail containing hot water, as hot as you can bear your hand in, but not scalding, and put it somewhere on the stove or other convenient place to keep hot; in six or eight hours it will have risen to the top of the pail. Make a sponge with *hot* water, add the yeast made above, keep sponge *hot*, and in one hour it will be ready to knead and mold into loaves, which if kept *hot* will rise quickly, and can be baked as ordinary bread.

Keep everything hot if you desire success, but not so hot as to scald. My apparatus is the glue-kettle principle, and kept hot by jacketing the outside pail with felt, and applying a small "Evening Star" night lamp under it. A tablespoonful of oil lasts all night. Set the yeast at 10 P. M., and it will be ready at 5 or 5:30 next morning. Brown bread made as above is excellent, and white bread is as white as snow.—S. H.

Salt-rising Bread.—Experience has taught me that "salt-rising" should be mixed with cold water; add 1 teaspoonful of ginger, a little salt; set in the oven with the doors open, or in hot water, as you choose. Stir often while warming, then keep warm. The above recipe is less liable to sour than when mixed with milk, and less liable to taste of the rising than when mixed with "shorts."—EXPERIENCE.

Aquarium Cement (For Mrs. L. Y. H.)—One gill of litharge; 1 gill of plaster of Paris; 1 gill of dry, white sand; one-third of finely powdered resin. Keep in a well corked tight till required for use, when it is to be made into a putty by mixing boiled linseed oil with a little patent dryer added. —A. H., Atlantic, Iowa, Box 54.

Scarlet Color—One oz. of annatto, dissolved in hot water; pour this solution into a pan of warm water; place the goods in this for a quarter of an hour, then rinse in clear water; dissolve a piece of alum as big as a walnut, in warm water, the goods to remain in this half an hour; rinse in clear water. In the interim, boil ¼ oz. of cochineal for 20 minutes, the goods to remain in this 20 minutes, which will make it a full blood red. When cold, rinse. This amount will color one pound.—A. H., Atlantic, Iowa, Box 54.

Fascinators and Cookies.—Some time ago Catherine Cunninghan asked for a hood and also for a cookie recipe. If she will pardon an individual with a masculine name for coming to her assistance, I will be pleased to help her, if not too late.

A little while ago a lady visitor here taught me how to manufacture a very pretty hood. I admired hers immensely, and she instructed me for my satisfaction, and, I presume, her own amusement. I have just finished a charming hood—fascinator—she called it, (and I really consider both the work and the lady fascinating), of a delicate peach-blossom tint, and made of Shetland wool. You might make the foundation of something heavier if you wish, and the affair be worn for Winter use.

The original fascinator was a Summer night concern, and very entrancing, bewildering! Crochet a chain long enough that you may work about eight or nine shells upon it. Eight will be sufficient if each shell is made of six stitches. I hope you will be able to understand me. Make the chain; throw wool over needle once (or twice if you prefer); put needle through some stitch in chain and pull wool through the first two threads; then again through next two, until the result is only one line of wool on the needle.

Indeed, I fear I can not explain how to make a shell. I know you repeat the above five times and a shell is completed. Do not fasten it down to the original chain; just go right on making shells until you have the eight.

Make one stitch, turn work and go across again; make one stitch every time you turn. "Keep on going" until you have a strip about a yard, or little more, long. Either now, or before making this long piece, you must crochet a square piece, eight shells square. Do you understand me? I am trying to make it clear. Cover the square with "fluffing," that is, long light loops made of chain stitch and caught down rather regularly; this square is to be secured to the center of the long piece, so that a point falls off into space on either side the strip and the two other corners will exactly strike the middle of the width of the scarf. Now cover the balance of the scarf with fluffling. Take a loose, easy stitch, very, in making the fluff, and you will like the effect.

Put this fascinator on so that one point falls on the forehead; then carry the long ends to the back of the head, cross them, and bringing forward fasten beneath the chin.

Now my dear Miss Catherine, if you can only manage to understand what I mean, but sadly fear am not able to state, you will certainly like the hood. It is very genteel and pretty. I'll tell you the best plan, send me an addressed envelope and I will send you a little "sample" that will surely make it plain to you.

Now for those cookies: I see "Rosebud" has sent a recipe, but as mine is cheaper and "as good as can be," I will venture. You might know that a man who would "fuss-up" to an interest in fancy work, would be sure to stumble into the kitchen and "take a tumble" to what goes on therein. I have no excuse to offer for myself beyond that sickness has often confined me to the house and raised within me a laudable (?) desire to be helpful, and when the day comes that I am a forlorn old bachelor, and have no "mother, home and heaven" of my own, I will hardly be so forlorn as many of my kind.

Cookies—½ large cupful molasses filled heaping up with sugar, ½ cupful shortening, ½ cupful warm water, 2 teaspoonfuls ginger, ditto soda, flavor as you please, roll pretty soft and not too thin; no egg. They are nice.—DOUGLAS, 173 S. Third street, Quincy, Ill.

CORNISH'S ORCHESTRAL ORGANS ONLY $65.

Have never been offered for less than $160. They are warranted for six years, and will be shipped on ten days test trial before any payment is required. Messrs. Cornish & Co. manufacture every instrument sold by mail, and have the confidence of the music-loving public. The home popularity of this firm is evinced by the election last week of Mr. Johnston Cornish as Mayor of Washington.

Skinny Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

Our Young Folks

UNSATISFACTORY MEETING.

A little man, in walking down the dusty road one day,
Met a little woman traveling afoot the other way.
And, laying down his big valise, he bowed in handsome style,
While she returned his greeting with a courtesy and a smile.
"Can you inform me where, ma'am, I can find a wife?" said he.
"'Twas on my tongue to ask about a husband, sir," said she.
"I'm weary of my single state, and many miles I've gone
For one who'll cook and wash for me, and sew my buttons on:
Who'll wait on me when I am well and tend me when I'm ill,
And never give me cause to grumble at a foolish bill.
Do you know any one, ma'am, you can recommend?" said he.
"I'm looking for precisely such a husband, sir," said she.
He puckered up his lips and whistled thought fully and low,—
Then slowly reached for his valise, regretfully to go;
While, with a pensive little smile, she gazed up at the sky
And watched the fleecy cloudlets as they lazily passed by.
"T is plain I'm not the husband you're after, ma'am" said he.
"T is evident I'm not the wife you're seeking, sir!" said she.

—*St. Nicholas.*

CHILDREN'S GAMES.

MY POOR MAMMA.

The trick or puzzle contained in this game must be left to the ingenuity of the company, and should only be known, if possible, to the leader.

Assuming an air of pathetic affectation, Ella will be supposed to act as leader, thus: "My poor mamma does not like tea; what can I find for her supper?"

Lizzy, benevolently proposes, "Dried beef."

Ella, affecting delight, "Charming! How obliged I am. She likes beef. But what else shall I have?"

Jane, "Tomatos."

Ella, in horrors, "Tomatos! she hates tomatos!"

Clara—"Give her peaches."

Ella—"The very thing! But what else?"

Jane—"Potatos."

Ella—"Frightful! she loathes potatos."

Lizzy—"Grits."

Ella—"No, no! that is almost as bad."

Jane—"Let her have toast."

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address of the writer in all cases accompany the communication

Bees.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

I would advise "R. E. B." to use a movable frame hive, by all means. Transferring should be done during the period of fruit bloom. I have transferred from old-fashioned box hives, logs and trees, first felling the tree. When wishing to transfer from a box hive to a movable frame hive, I get everything ready that I think will possibly be needed, such as a table, with a cloth folded several thicknesses, on which to cut the combs. The soft cloth prevents injuring the brood. Then you will need a hand saw, chisel and hammer, a large pan with cloth to throw over it, to put bits of comb and honey in, a dish of water and cloth to keep all honey wiped up; transferring sticks, with wire, smoker, and long knife, to cut the comb loose. When all is ready, at 10 o'clock or after, on a fine day, commence by giving them a good smoking, and when they have filled themselves with honey, which will be in a few moments, turn the hive bottom upward on the table, placing your new hive on the old stand, then saw off the cross sticks, try off one side of the hive and commence cutting out the comb and fitting it neatly into your frames, and as soon as one is filled, place it in the hive and fit another one, and so continue until all the frames are filled as you want to save all the brood possible, unless it is drone brood, which you will know by the cells being much larger. The comb can be held in place by small sticks passing up and down on each side of the frame, and fastened together at top and bottom, by fine wire passing across from one to the other, the sticks being fastened in pairs. In a few days the bees will have the combs tightly fastened in, when the sticks can be taken out. Transferring is an operation, but requires some nerve; one must commence with the determination to succeed and keep the bees under control until through with it. Some drum out the bees before cutting out combs, but this is needless. Give them an occasional puff of smoke and proceed. They will go to the new hive on the old stand sure. When putting the young brood in have it near the center of the hive and all together. When you can take up some of the bees and shake them in front of the hole, do so.—F. H. D., Corning, N. Y.

Transplanting Hot-bed Plants.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

The soil into which plants are to be transplanted, should be freshly prepared and not wet, but in good working condition. All tender plants, such as tomatos, peppers, egg plant, etc., should remain in the beds until all danger from frost and cold winds is past. Tomatos should be planted 4x4 feet. To secure the best results in tomatos select a soil not very rich, run furrows with the plow and in each hill put a shovel full of well rotted fine manure. Saturate the plant bed with water and let it settle. Take up the plants with all the soil that will adhere to the roots and place in any vessel in which they can conveniently be carried to the field. As the plants are put in place, draw carefully about the roots fresh soil and press it down well with the feet. Plants should stand but a little deeper than in the bed. Fill up all furrows and leave surface level. If the soil is light and dry, as it should be, in cultivating always keep the surface level. Egg plant and pepper should be similarly treated, but should be planted three feet by two.

In transplanting sweet potatos, if the soil is deep, rich and loose, plow shallow, make hills or ridges not more than 12 inches high, and if, when hoeing them the weather is dry, enlarge them. When the soil is ready, put into a bucket enough water to cover the roots of plants. Take out the plants without taking up the tubers; take hold close to the ground and pull away from the tubes sidewise. Place plants in a bucket, from which drop a few at a time upon the hills, then holding plant in left hand, make with the three long fingers of the right hand a place for the plant; the full length of the fingers insert the plant carefully, letting it reach the bottom of the excavation; then draw it up until the leaves are above the surface; then push the soil inward toward the plant and press down firmly. Plants treated thus will seldom fail to grow.

To protect tender plants against cutworms, take stiff wrapping paper, cut 2½ inch square and wrap around the stem to the plant and press the soil against it to hold it in place.—O. B. HANEY, Russell, Russell Co., Kan.

Sheep Shearing.

The time is coming when the shepherd will go through the old time farce of washing his sheep in a muddy pond or brook, with the alleged purpose of cleaning the wool. I have known farmers to spend a day in the water up to their waists at this work, and drive the wet sheep home a mile or more over a dusty road, supposing the wool washed. The wool buyer knows when wool is clean and when it is not, and does not have the wool drawn over his eyes. But, as a rule, one-third deducted from the price of unwashed wool is not equal the loss made in washing, so the advantage is usually in favor of the unwashed fleeces. Then the labor and the colds and the rheumatism which follow this barbarous practice are not even compensated by one hard-earned cent per pound. If one will wash his wool, let him scour it or tub-wash it, and do it well. But the manufacturers would rather scour their own wool.

Deep Plowing.

Willis Jones, of Geauga County, O., under the above head, contributes the following to the Cleveland *Herald*:

"Why the plow should be run deep and put the surface soil, that has been charged with natural fertilizing material of sun, air, water, snow and frost, down deep, and bring up the untamed, raw, obnoxious subsoil for plants to subsist upon, is amazing. I think that the whole system of inverting the soil wrong, except when grass land is to be put into a rotation of crops. We contend for deep plowing, and in Egypt, India, and in all of our oldest agricultural districts, the plow—otherwise a crooked stick—only scarifies the soil, not inverting it, and for 5,000 years, exhaustive process, as we term it, has gone on, and yet can we show better crops? Look at the clay lands after they have been plowed 10 inches deep. They bake hard as a rock, or if the season be very wet they are clammy and shuts the roots of the crops away from air and heat, as though tar had been poured over the lots. Soils should be stirred so that they may be kept loose to let in air, moisture and warmth and leave the best part on top, where Nature put it."

Salt and Abortion.

A correspondent in the *Country Gentleman* says: I have had the care of cows on a small scale for 30 years. I always fed Turk's Island salt, and with two exceptions I never had a cow abort. Some eight years ago I had some Syracuse salt left after salting pork, and fed it to my cows. The result was that two out of the five cows aborted. I became so fearful of western salt, that I used no more of it until the Winter of 1883, when I tried some more Syracuse salt, and had only one cow abort. I made up my mind to use none but Turk's Island salt. The first I ever heard of abortion as an epidemic was in the vicinity of Syracuse, and as the salt made there came east, abortion followed. I think there is some mineral in it that causes the trouble.

Answers to Inquiries.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

BLOODY MILK IN COWS.—Take poke root an inch in diameter and six inches long. Feed in place of corn, slice in bran, or boil and mix with feed.—B. F.

SWEENIE IN HORSES.—Raise the hide on the shrunk part, cut a hole with a sharp knife so at to let the air in. If that does not let in as much air as desirable, take a quill and blow in until the shrunk part is partially filled.—MRS. B. T.

ALFALFA GRASS.—E. F. Williams, Brofs, Kansas, says: The safest and quickest way for you to obtain the seed is to consult a seed catalog, and order through a seed dealer in your town.

WHITEWASH.—To each ½ bu. of unslacked lime put 8 lbs. salt and ½ lb. melted tallow; slack the lime in a barrel with boiling water, and keep the barrel well covered with something to keep the steam in; keep well stirred, and leave stand in 4 inches of water 4 to 6 days, stirring occasionally; then heat to a moderate heat and apply hot. It penetrates the wood and is almost equal to paint.—LEE MC., Rockville, Ind.

BIG JAW IN CATTLE.—Dissolve blue vitrol and rub on the swelling or four times a week. This will not cure a permanently, but helps a great help. It is also good to remove proud flesh.—DICK HADLEY.

LICE ON HORSES.—Corrosive sublimate, 2 dr.; precipitate, ½ oz.; alcohol, 4 oz.; lard, ½ lb.—D. E.

PROUD FLESH.—Pure muriatic acid, dip a pointed stick into it, and touch the parts until it turns white; in 24 hours, if it has not all disappeared, repeat. When the proud flesh is destroyed, heal with one part carbolic acid and 100 parts castor oil.—VET., Wasioja, Minn.

OLD SORTS ON ANIMALS.—Finely pulverized calomel, 1 oz.; Venus turpentine, 1 oz.; mix in 1 lb of hogs lard, and apply two or three times a day with a cloth or soft brush. —J. B. HANEY, Russell, Russell Co., Kan.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

PEANUTS—Will some one inform me, through the BLADE, how to raise and when to plant peanuts?—A READER, Olathe, Kas.

PLANTING TIME.—What is the best time to plant fruit trees and berries?—E. F. W.

FALLING CHERRIES.—What can I do to prevent cherries from falling off the tree when about half grown?—W. C. D., Farland, Kas.

CEDAR PLANTING.—What is the best way to plant the berry of the cedar; what kind of soil is the best to plant in; do these need any shade or windbreak?—JOHN HARTWELL, Lowell, Neb.

GROUND MOLES.—Our farm is overrun with ground moles, and I would like to know the cheapest and surest way of getting rid of them.—C. M. ZIMMERMAN, Duncannon.

WINDBREAK.—What is the best variety of trees to plant for windbreak for orchard?

MOSQUET GRASS.—I wish some information about Mosquet grass, such as grows on the plains of Texas.—A. B. NOBLE, Lowell, Oregon.

LANDS IN ARKANSAS.—Will some of the readers in Northwestern Arkansas write me in regard to land, climate and water?—S. E. JACOBS, Lost Springs, Kas.

Farm Notes.

Never, on any account, allow anything but fresh ewe's milk to go into a lamb's stomach for the first 24 hours, says the *Live Stock Indicator*.

It is said that Kansas will plant over 100,000 acres of sorghum this year. Last year's yield is set down at 5,000,000 gallons of sirup and 6,000,000 pounds of sugar.

Mr. H. Pershing, of Wooster, O., writes to the FARM, stating that a statement in a recent issure that he is connected in business with a man named Rain, is false.

Large numbers of cattle in Western Texas are dying for want of water and grass. The drouth is very severe. Myriads of caterpillars have appeared and are destroying all vegetation.

The German Government has forbidden the transit through German territory of early fruits and vegetables from France, the reason assigned for this measure being the desire to prevent the importation of phylloxera.

"Don't hire every vagabond that happens to come along, regardless of his habits and morals, simply because you can get him cheap. Never tolerate a man who abuses your team, or who would teach your children bad habits."

Feed the little chicks often—five times a day will not be too often—with hard-boiled egg, bread crumbs, boiled potatos, little scraps of meat. Supply them with fresh water twice a day. All this, if you want fine healthy birds.

Scaly legs ought never to be tolerated. At the first appearance, dip or wash the legs in kerosene. The ointments offered for sale are well enough; but why pay for them and have the trouble of application when the above remedy is always efficacious if persisted in.

Prof. Law, of the Treasury Cattle Commission, who has been in Kansas for several days carefully investigating alleged cases of pleuro and investigating these, has telegraphed that all attempts to communicate the disease by inoculation have failed. This is regarded as settling the question beyond all controversy, that it is not the European foot and mouth disease.

The FARM has of late received a large number of communications from Kansas, making inquiries as to where seed of the drough proof grass can be obtained. Judging from the report of the State Board of Agriculture, on the subject, published in last weeks issue, we do not consider it a profitable grass for the Kansas farmers to incumber their meadows with.

Mr. Wier speaks, in the *Western Rural*, as to what we may expect in the way of fine new fruits from the seeds of apples and pears. Do the best we can in selecting the seedlings, he says, our chances are about as slender for a first-class fruit in every way of apple or pear, as for getting the first prize in the Louisiana lottery from the purchase of one ticket. Yet we may be so lucky as to obtain a first-class prize from a very few seedlings.

Brewster, Attorney General, has decided the Sumtra tobacco cases in favor of the producer. Sumtra tobacco is not prohibited, of which 85 per cent. is suitable for wrappers, is 75 cents unstemmed, and $1 stemmed. Other unstemmed tobacco in the leaf is 35 cents. The importers have been trying to enter Sumatra tobacco under the 35 per cent. clause, by putting into the bales a little over 15 per cent. of poor stuff, which practice, the ruling of the Attorney-General will put a stop to.

MRS. L. M. Jacobs, of Osage City, Kan., in a letter to the FARM, states that over a month ago she remitted to J. W. Walker for an ounce of drouth proof grass, and has as yet heard nothing from him. She is anxious to know his standing. Personally, the BLADE knows nothing about Mr. Walker. He furnished a communication concerning the value of sorghum halapense, as a drouth proof and large yielding grass, which was published as all acceptable communications are.

The time to determine what sheep to keep is during shearing; then the owner directing and overseeing operations can cause to be marked such as are light shearers, aged sheep, in poor condition, without lambs, etc., and in the ordinary flocks, allowing that one-third be sold, it is more than probable that the value of the two-thirds remaining, fed and kept, will bring as good an income and be, in reality, worth as much as if the inferior sheep remained to lower the standard of the lot.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
In Seasickness.

S. S. PARKER, Wellington, O., says: "While crossing Lake Erie, I gave it to some passengers who were seasick, and it gave immediate relief."

She did not Pay Fresh Bills.

Mrs. Limoges is very bric-a-brac in her tastes, but is not very ready to pay her bills. The other day the groceryman called. "Can I see Mrs. L.?" he said to the servant. "What do you want?" "I've got a bill here for some groceries she bought last month." "Only a month old?" the girl asked in surprise. "Aint that old enough?" "No, sir, it is not. Mrs. Limoges: I'd have you know, is a lover of the antique, and should she see a bill only a month old, she would have a fit of nervous prostration." "Well, that beats the deuce. When shall I come?" "Oh, some time in the future. The older the bill gets the better; but don't you ever dare to come around with any of those vulgar new bills, that the stains of time have never touched," and she slammed the door in his face.—*Merchant Traveler.*

The interests of humanity seem to demand the publication of the following facts: Two months ago my attention was called to the case of a poor woman who was said to be afflicted with a cancer. I found her with an ulcer on her shoulder at least five inches in circumference, angry, painful and giving the patient no rest day or night for six months. I obtained a supply of Swift's Specific, which I persuaded her to try. She has taken five bottles, the result of which is that the ulcer is entirely healed up, nothing remaining but a small scab, not larger than one's finger nail, and her general health is better than for five years past. She seems to be perfectly cured.

An old man of 67 years has been subject to scrofulous sores five years. He had one on his cheek as large as a silver dollar, swollen, raw and constantly exuding very offensive matter. Another on his foot of the same character, and several on his hands, all of about two and a half years standing. His general health was poor, and he could scarcely get about at all. He has taken two bottles of Swift's Specific. The sores are all well leaving scarcely a vestige of their former existence, and his general health better than it has been in ten years. I consider its effects wonderful—almost miraculous. REV. JESSE H. CAMPBELL, Columbus, Ga., Oct. 17, 1883.

Western Progress.

In January last one Sioux Falls editor got onto the peculiarities of another Sioux Falls editor and called him a "Liar!" In Febuary he referred to him as a "*Liar!*" and in March thought it would't be putting it too strong to allude to him as a "LIAR" An April issue of his paper is just received and in it he addresses his contemporary as a "LIAR!" and in the merry month of May the natives will not be in the least astonished to learn that in estimtion of one their editors the other is a "LIAR-R-R-R!" The Sioux Falls editor is progressive, even in language.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

The Sunday School.

Liberal Giving.

LESSON 8, SUNDAY, MAY 25, 1884.

Golden Text—God loveth a cheerful giver —2 Cor. 9: 7.

LESSON TEXT.

2 Cor. 9: 1-15.

1. For as touching the ministering to the saints, it is superfluous for me to write.

2. For I know the forwardness of your mind, for which I boast of you to them of Macedonia, that Achaia was ready a year ago and your zeal hath provoked very many.

3. Yet have I sent the brethren, lest our boasting of you should be in vain in this behalf; that, as I said, ye may be ready.

4. Lest haply if they of Macedonia come with me and find you unprepared, we (that we say not ye) should be ashamed in this same confident boasting.

5. Therefore I thought it necessary to exhort the brethren that they would go before unto you, and make up beforehand your bounty, whereof ye had notice before, that the same might be ready, as a matter of bounty and not as of covetousness.

6. But this I say, He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall also reap bountifully.

7. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

8. And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to to every good work.

9. (As it is written, He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor; his righteousness remaineth forever.

10. Now he that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness.)

11. Being enriched in everything to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgivings to God.

12. For the administration of this service not only supplieth the wants of the saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God.

13. While by the experiment of this ministration they glorify God for your professed subjection unto the gospel of Christ, and for your liberal distribution unto them, and unto all men.

14. And by their prayer for you, which long after you for the exceeding grace of God in you.

15. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

As touching the ministering to the saints, it is superfluous for me to write to you (v. 1) That may have been a superfluous work among Corinthian Christians, in the first century; but it is not a superfluous work among American or English Christians in the 19th century. On the contrary, it is a point that needs writing about, and talking about continually. Ministering to the saints ministering to needy disciples of Christ, is in a peculiar sense ministering to Christ himself. He says he will count such ministry as if it were done to him directly. And this secures to it a blessing which is not promised to ordinary alms-giving. It is strange that such ministering does call for added mention; strange, but none the less true.

Your zeal hath stirred up very many of them (v. 2.) There is always a zeal in well-doing, beyond its immediate and apparent results. Its power in stimulating others to similar endeavor, can be reckoned on, in addition to its obvious advantages. Any church which will give more to benevolent causes this year, than it ever gave before, is pretty sure to raise the standard of giving in other churches of its order. A good way to promote an increase of ministerial salaries generally, is to start off with an increase of your own minister's salary To uplift the methods and management of your Sunday school; to improve the general exercises; to make a success of a better plan of Christmas anniversary, or to secure a larger attendance of your scholars at the preaching service—is so far to benefit other scholars also; for sooner or later it will be found that "your zeal hath stirred up very many of them."

That our glorying on your behalf may not be made void in this respect (v. 3.) There is some risk in speaking well of our friends, in advance of our doing; for if they fail to come up to our promises for them, we are the sufferers as well as they. Yet we are all us ready to take this risk in behalf of those who, as we feel can be depended upon. And why not? Is not our reputation and influence involved with that of friends are linked in with us, and we are linked in with our friends, in this matter of keeping up the best reputation already secured, ought to prove an added stimulus and added inducement to well-doing on both sides. None of us can lose our good name without causing suffering and shame to others. For the sake of others as well as for our own sakes, we ought not to come short of the honest expectations of our friends now us and love us, and are glad to speak well of us.

He that soeth sparingly shall reap also sparingly (v. 6.) The law of sowing and reaping is alike in every field. Gain is by scattering rather than by hoarding. He who lives for self will in the end have only self to live for; while he who lives for others will sooner or later have others live for him. Love begets love. "A man that hath friends —or who would have friends—must show himself friendly." He who sees his money has more money—more of the best results of money, and more of its true enjoyment—than he who holds his money. It is not what we have, but what we do with that which we have, that is the real measure of our wealth—of our material wealth; of our heart wealth. The poorest possible investment of any talent whatsoever is in hiding it in a safe place. Sowing it in a field is better than sewing it in a napkin.

"For the heart grows rich in giving,
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold and plain."

Let each man do according as he hath purposed in his heart (v. 7) If people give all that they had it in their heart to give, there would be a great deal more of giving in the world than there is. Men are commonly more generous inside than outside. They plan better than they do. Why, there were enough good resolutions made last New Year's Day, by rich people, and by poor people, and by people in moderate circumstances, in this one matter of giving, to have carried on the great religious charities of the world, and to have applied all the needs of all the poor for the whole year through. If one tithe of the generosity, and the self denial, and the devoteulness which were resolved on last January had been put into practical action, this would have proved the most marvelous year of the Christian era. Men ought to purpose in their hearts even more of good than they now purpose; but if they would only give and do as well as they now prupose, there would be a great improvement on the present state of things.

God loveth a cheerful giver. And man loveth a cheerful giver too. There is a great deal in the way we give, whether it be money, or sympathy, or kindly words, or loving looks, or enforced refusals. It is pleasanter to have a rebuke or a denial from some persons, than to receive a compliment or a favor from another. Cheerfulness is out of the heart, and heartiness in word or look is always cheering and inspiring. Nothing that is given grudgingly is pleasing to God or man. If we cannot be cheerful, we cannot be pleasing. Not our gifts but the spirit of our giving, is the real attractiveness of all our beneficence.

God is able to make all grace abound unto you (v. 8.) And that is just what we are not quite ready to believe. Our nugging of wealth, our unwillingness to part with our money, is a result of our sense of dependence on wealth. It is so hard for us to feel that we are just as sure of our to-morrow's breakfast when the only provision for it is a promise of God, as when we have a supply of manna kept over—to breed worms and give forth a stench. This is why covetousness is idolatry. Reliance on money puts money in God's place. He who trusts God at all, can trust him quite as easily in penniless ness as in affluence, knowing that God is able to make all grace to abound toward him, for his sufficiency in all things.

The ministration of this service not only filleth up the measure of the wants of the saints, but aboundeth also through many thanksgivings unto God (v. 12.) If a man holds on to his money, his money absolutely benefits nobody—neither himself, nor his neighbor, nor his God. If a man gives his money wisely, and in a right spirit, he is himself benefited, his fellows are advantaged and his God is pleased. So the difference between hoarding and giving is not, that in one case one person is benefited, and in the other case two persons; but it is, that in one case the money is of no good to anybody, and in the other case it is of use to one's self, to one's neighbor, and to one's God. Who would hold on to his money, if he fully realized this truth!—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

Bed-Bugs, Flies!

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

A Ready-Made Platform.

It is believed by some that Blaine's book in its entirety will be adopted by the Republican Chicago Convention as the platform of the party.—*New York World.*

News of the Week

DEFEAT OF THE TARIFF BILL.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—Morrison closed the debate in the House on the tariff bill with a rapid review of the objections which had been made to the bill, and an equally rapid and brief answer to those objections. Should the motion to strike out the enacting clause be agreed to, it would be a declaration that tariff taxation would be continued, and the Democratic party would appeal from the Congress of the United States to the people, and the people would so understand it. He referred to the fact that the Democrats from Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan and California had been elected on tariff reform platforms, and expressed his fear, if the bill should be defeated, they would be succeeded by Page, and Burrows, and Hazelton, and "my dear Hubbell." He then turned his attention to Randall, and addressing him, said: "You claim to have power to strike out the enacting clause of this bill. If you have that power, amend this bill and make it what it ought to be." [Loud applause on the Democratic side.]

After a few more cursory remarks on the general subject of tariff reform, Morrison's time expired, and the Chairman directed the Clerk to read the bill.

As the Clerk began to read, Converse left his seat in the last row of seats and walking down to the bar of the House, stood nervously fingering a piece of paper which he held in his hand. When the reading of the first paragraph had been finished there was an embarrassing pause. Converse was engaged in earnest conversation with Hunt, and did not appear to know that all eyes were fixed upon him.

Kasson, fearful that the time when the motion to strike out the enacting clause would be in order would expire before Converse's attention could be attracted to the fact, rose and inquired of the Chair whether the proper time had come to make a motion. Before the Chair could respond, Converse, pushing to the front, moved to strike out the enacting clause. This was the signal for a volley of hisses and groans from the Democratic side, this demonstration being met by rounds of applause from the Republican side.

The scene in the chamber was one of intense excitement and confusion, to which the galleries rendered no little aid by loud tokens of approval and disapproval. Tellers being ordered, Converse and Morrison were appointed by the Chair. Before taking his place Morrison called to the Clerk of the House, who was standing by the Speaker's desk, and exclaimed: "Clark, see that no damned scoundrel who is paired goes between the tellers." Clark, promising to see that fair play should be had, Morrison took his station.

Then the voting began, and the tellers announced the affirmative vote to be 155. The first man to pass through in the negative was Keegan, of Texas, who had been brought in on an invalid chair in order to cast his vote. He was heartily applauded by his friends and received many congratulations on his apparent recovery from his late severe illness. The negative vote was announced as 151, and then Georgs D. Wise, of Virginia, voted in the affirmative, making the vote stand 156 to 151.

Then cheer followed cheer from the Republican side, and the cheers were taken up on the galleries and reverberated from every nook and crack of the hall. Ladies stood up and waved handkerchifs, and men their hats. Morrison, yielding gracefully to the inevitable, walked smilingly to his seat.

On Converse's motion, the Committee rose and the Chairman reported its action to the House. The Speaker stated the question to be on striking out the enacting clause, and Morrison and Turney (Ky.) calling for the yeas and nays, it was agreed to—yeas 159, nays 155—as follows:

YEAS.

Adams (Ill)	Hancock,	Patton,
Anderson,	Harmer,	Payne,
Arnot,	Hart,	Payson,
Atkinson,	Hatch (Mich)	Peelle (Ind.),
Bayne,	Haynes,	Perkins,
Belford,	Henderson (Ia),	Peters,
Bingham,	Henderson (Ill),	Pettibone,
Bisbee,	Hepburn,	Phelps,
Boutelle,	Hiscock,	Poland,
Bowen,	Hitt,	Post,
Boyle,	Holmes,	Price,
Brainerd,	Holton,	Randall,
Breitung,	Hooper,	Ranney,
Brewer (N Y),	Hopkins,	Ray (N. Y.),
Brewer (N J)	Horr,	Ray (N. H.),
Browne (Ind),	Hunt,	Reed,
Brown (Pa)	Hutchins,	Rice,
Bynum,	James,	Robinson (O.),
Budd,	Jefferds,	Rockwell,
Burleigh,	Johnson,	Rowell,
Calkins,	Jordan,	Russell,
Campbell (Pa)	Kasson,	Ryan,
Cannon,	Kean,	Sentey,
Chace,	Keifer,	Skinner (N. Y.),
Connolly,	Kelley,	Small,
Converse,	Kellogg,	Smith,
Cheverton (Ky.)	Ketcham,	Snyder,
Culben,	Lacy,	Shooner,
Curtin,	Laird,	Steele,
Cutcheon,	Lawrence,	Stephenson,
Davis (Ill),	LeFevre,	Stewart (Vt.),
Davis (Mass),	Libbey,	Stone,
Dingley,	Long,	Storm,
Duncan,	Lyman,	Struble,
Durham,	M'Adoo,	Sumner,
Eaton,	McCord,	Taylor (O.),
Eldredge,	McCormas,	Taylor (O.),
Ellwood,	McCormack,	J. D. Taylor (O),
Ermentrout,	McKinley,	Thomas,
Evans (Pa)	Millard,	Tully,
Everhart,	Miller, (Pa.)	Van Alstyne,
Farrall,	Millington,	Wadsworth,
Fiedler,	Morey,	Wait,
Findlay,	Morrill,	Warner (O.),
Finnerty,	Muller,	Washburn,
Fisher,	Murray,	Weaver,
Fanstow,	Mutchler,	Wemple,
Geddes,	Nutting,	Whiting,
Georger,	O'Hara,	Wilkins,
Glasscock,	O'Neil, (Pa),	Wilson, (Iowa),
Goff,	Page,	G. D. Wise (Va)
Guenther,	Parker,	J. S. Wise (Va),
		York—159

NAYS.

Adams (N Y),	Garrison,	Potter,
Aiken,	Gibson,	Prior,
Alexander,	Graves,	Pusey,
Bagley,	Green,	Rankin,
Balentine,	Greenleaf,	Reagan,
Barbour,	Hatadl,	Reese,
Barksdale,	Hammond,	Robertson,
Beach,	Hancock,	Rogers (Ark),
Belmont,	Hardeman,	Rogers (N Y),
Blackburn,	Hardy,	Rosecrans,
Blanchard,	Hatch (Mo),	Scales,
Bland,	Hemph ill,	Seymour,
Blount,	Henly,	Shaw,
Breckenridge,	Herbert,	Shelley,
Broadhead,	Hewitt (N Y),	Singleton,
Buchanan,	Hewitt (Ala),	Skinner, (N C),
Buckner,	Hill,	Slocum,
Burnes,	Hobbetzell,	Sprinker,
Cabell,	Holman,	Stevens,
Caldwell,	Houseman,	Stewart (Tex),
Campbell (N Y),	Hurd,	Stockslager,
Candler,	Jones (Wis),	Strait,
Carleton,	Jones (Tex),	Summer (Wis),
Cassidy,	Jones (Ark),	Talbot,
Clardy,	Jones (Ala),	Taylor (Tenn)
Clay,	King,	Thompson,
Clements,	Kleiner,	Throckmorton,
Cobb,	Lamb,	Tillman,
Collins,	Lanham,	Townshend,
Cook,	Love,	Tucker,
Cosgrove,	Lewis,	Turner (Ga),
Covington,	Lovering,	Turner (Ky),
Cox (N Y),	Lowry,	Vance,
Cox (N C),	McMillin,	Van Eaton,
Crisp,	Matson,	Wakefield,
Culberson (Tex),	Maybury,	Ward,
Dargan,	Miller (Tex),	Warner (Tenn),
Davidson,	Mills,	Welborn,
Davis (Mo),	Mitchell,	Weller,
Deuster,	Money,	White (Minn),
Dobbie (S C),	Morgan,	Williams,
Dibrell (Tenn),	Morrison,	Willis,
Dockery,	Morse,	Wilson (W Va),
Dowd,	Moulton,	Winans (Mich),
Dorsheimer,	Murphy,	Winans (Wis),
Dunn,	Neece,	Walford,
Eldridge,	Nelson,	Woodward,
Ellis,	Oates,	Worthington,
Evins (S C),	O'Ferrall,	Yaple,
Follett,	O'Neil (Mo),	Young,
Forney,	Pierce,	Carlisle—153.
Fyan,	Peel (Ark),	

When Young's name, the last on the list, was called, Speaker Carlisle said to the Clerk, "Call my name." The name was called, and the Speaker voted "nay." The vote was received with cheers by the friends of the measure.

Upon the announcement of the result there was a repetition of the scene that followed the announcement of the vote by the tellers. Morrison moved to vacate the order for night sessions. Agreed to. Randall moved that members who had not spoken on the tariff be allowed to print their remarks in the Record. Agreed to. Converse moved to reconsider the vote by which the House decided to strike out the enactment clause, and then moved to lay that motion on the table. The motions were carried with a viva voce vote, and the announcement of this result was received with cheers and applause.

It seems to be the general impression among revenue reform Democrats to-night that the defeat to-day disposes of the tariff question for this session.

Three Republicans (Wilson, Strait and Wakefield), all from Minnesota, voted against striking out the enactment clause; 41 Democrats voted in the affirmative.

Without a Parallel in Medical History.

The remarkable results which have attended the administration of the Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, for chronic and so-called "incurable diseases," is *without a parallel in medical history.* As dispensers of this new Treatment, they have, after thirteen years of earnest, untiring and costly effort to introduce it to those who need its vitalizing and health-restoring influences, succeeded in resting its claims on the basis of facts and results of so wide and universal a character—*facts and results on record, and open to the closest investigations*—that no room for a question remains as to its *marvelous action in restoring the diseased to health.* If you are a sufferer from any disease which your physician has failed to arrest or cure, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, and they will send you documents and reports of cases from which you will be able to decide for yourself as to your chances for relief under their New Treatment.

INTERVIEW WITH GEN. GRANT.

NEW YORK, May 7.—The Mail and Express publishes a two-column interview with Gen. Grant, held yesterday before the announcement of the bank failures. Following are extracts:

"In reference to the Electoral Commission, General, what truth is there in the stories you had massed troops in the Capitol at Washington with a view to preventing any attempt to inaugurate Tilden?"

"None; there were no troops massed there at all. I intended to maintain peace and order at all hazards, and I proposed to see installed in the Presidential Chair the man whom Congress decided elected, whether Tilden or Hayes. I had no desire or power to influence the question of deciding who the people elected to the Presidency; that was a matter entirely with Congress. It is true I had directed Gen. Sherman to have his troops in Baltimore and other points near Washington, so they could be brought there on telegraphic notice in case of a riot or disturbance; but this step was not in the interest of either of the political parties, nor either of the candidates for the Presidency. There was not a soldier in arms in Washington at the time."

"Do you regard the annexation of Canada as a likely event in the course of time?"

"If such event ever should occur it will be in the distant future. I think we have territory enough for all our wants. All we require is good friends on both sides of us. We certainly should not desire to annex an unwilling people on either side of our borders."

"What do you think of the question of immigration? Do you think it will continue in the future as in the past?"

"I do not think it will increase in the same ratio in the future, as the growth of population generally. As to immigration, I would so amend the Constitution as to change the period before which citizenship can be acquired, and I would make the ceremony of acquiring citizenship such that the privilege will be appreciated when obtained. In addition to this, I would not extend the privilege to any person unable to speak and write the English language, or whose moral character is questioned at the time of becoming a citizen. I think this the most important of all amendments I would suggest, except possibly the one extending the Presidential term, upon which I lay much stress, because we all know how much embarrassment it causes to the business of the country by these contes s every four years, and how much the public is absorbed in them. We have under our present system only about two years of peace and quiet out of the four a President holds office. By having the President elected for seven years the election would cause much less disturbance to business."

"What of the stability of the Republican party, General?"

"We will always have two parties in this country; when one has fulfilled its mission it is generally followed by a shaking up, and each of the new parties then find in their ranks men who had previously been in the opposite parties. But, to answer your question, I don't think the mission of the Republican party is yet fulfilled, nor will it be, so long as States lately in rebellion are solidly with one party, without regard to platform or principle."

"Now General, I would like your views on the pending Presidential campaign, and the claims of the various gentlemen whose names are mentioned in connection with the Republican ticket."

Gen. Grant here paused, took a few deep puffs, held his cigar aloft, and after a moment's thought replied: "Well, I don't care to say much on that subject. If the Republicans make a wise selection they will carry the next election. I think our prospects better than they were four and eight years ago."

"May I ask your opinion of Pres. Arthur's administration?"

"I prefer not to criticise it."

"May I ask, then, what your preferences may be?"

"I decidedly favor Logan. There is great prejudice against him at the present time, because of his vote on the inflation bill, but if he is nominated I think his record on the financial question, clear through from the beginning, can be shown to be entirely satisfactory to those Republicans who oppose him now. He is a man of ability, and a man of courage to maintain his convictions, and one who is not swayed about by every passing breeze."

NORMAL MUSIC SCHOOL in College of Music building, Defiance, O. July 5th to August 1st. Special term. Low rates. Apply for circulars now.

London Sensation.

LONDON, May 11.—The famous deaf and dumb nick-nack peddler, who, during the past 18 years, selected his beats and habitations on London Bridge, is dead, and the subject of the latest sensation. He died in the Southwark Work House, near the south end of the bridge. Despite his infirmities he managed to support himself by his small sales, and securing official and police favor by the gentleness of his demeanor and the intelligence of his conduct, he was allowed to occupy the same post on the great thoroughfare from year to year. Before his death the peddler beckoned to a hospital attendant and terrified him by speaking to him. When the attendant recovered from his astonishment, the beggar confessed that his deafness and dmubness had been feigned. He said he was a Swiss gentleman of fortune, and belonged to one of the best families in the Republic. When a young man he was betrothed to a beautiful and accomplished lady. He was possessed of a most violent temper, and, in a lover's quarrel over a trifle, one day, he so wounded the girl by the bitterness of his invective that she fell ill. The reproaches of his friends for his cruel conduct stung him so that he became melancholy from remorse and left home.

He then resolved to punish himself. He vowed to become a voluntary exile for 20 years, to earn his own living, leave his fortune untouched, keep his relatives and friends ignorant of his whereabouts and go bareheaded and barefooted in all weather during the entire time, and to listen to no one and speak to no human being during the 10 last years of his exile.

If he lived to complete his vow he meant to return home, and use his fortune and the remainder of his days in making his betrothed happy, provided she were alive and unmarried. He had rigidly kept his vow. "But," he cried before he expired, "my time is not quite up, and I must die before it is. I have been punished as I deserved." Investigation, so far as it has gone, has proven that the peddler's story is entirely true, and his family in Switzerland have been made acquainted with his death.

The economic aspect is a strong point in favor of the use of Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts, Vanilla, Orange, Rose, Almond, Lemon, etc. First, they are three times the strength of ordinary extracts; second, the bottles hold nearly twice as much as those ordinarially sold for the same size; third, they are made from the true fruits.

The Largest Railroad Bridge in the World.

PITTSBURG, May 9.—The contract for the superstructure of the new bridge of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, over the Susquehanna River at Port Deposit, Maryland, has been let to the Keystone Bridge Company of this City. This bridge is on the new line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, between Philadelphia and Baltimore, and when completed will be the largest railroad bridge in the world. The length will be 6,880 feet, of which 2,430

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

FORT WORTH, May 10.—A heavy robbery occurred on a west-bound Texas Pacific train just as it pulled into the Union Depot here to-night at 9 o'clock, in which an Italian or Spanish priest named J. Casima, from Chicago, on his way to California, was robbed of $15,000.

While the priest was paying for lunch, in Dallas, early in the evening, he made a display of his money. After the train left Dallas he was approached by three men, who tried to make his acquaintance, but were unsuccessful. As the train was slacking up in the depot at Fort Worth the three strangers crowded on the car platform. One seized his arms, and another rapidly searched him, finding a large pocketbook containing all his money in his hip pocket. The priest recognized one of the robbers as one of the men who attempted to make his acquaintance, but could not seize either before they disappeared in the crowd.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 11—At a picnic last Sunday Hy Casey, a respectable young man, was accused by Julia Sweeney with having criminally assaulted her. The case came up for preliminary hearing yesterday, and during the proceedings Sweeney, father of the girl, drew a revolver and fired three shots at the accused, each fail taking effect. Casey died at midnight. There is much sympathy felt for the family of the young man, as the evidence showed the charge was unfounded.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., May 8.—Last Monday night Bill Spurlock went to Robertson Spurlock's house in Boone County, called him out and shot him dead. On the next night a posse found Bill Spurlock and made an effort to arrest him. He refused to be arrested, and fired on the posse, who killed him. Bill Spurlock's reason for killing Robertson Spurlock was that he was afraid he would give away secrets of the gang and have them arrested, as all were members of the Hill brothers' gang, two members of which were lynched at St. Albans, near here, last night.

WHEELING, W. Va., May 11.—A bloody double murder growing out of a love affair was committed at Petersburg, Grant County, at 1 o'clock yesterday morning. Lawrence Spiller, a farmer near the Town, had a handsome step-daughter, whom he desired to marry. He refused her hand to Edward Taylor, a neighbor and on Friday night they eloped and went to Petersburg. Arming himself Spiller pursued them, but was too late to prevent their marriage. On his arrival they had retired for the night at the house of a friend named Williams. Spiller forced his way into the room and as the bridegroom rose in bed he shot him through the heart. The bride shrieked for help, and Spiller attacked her with the butt of his revolver, inflicting wounds which proved fatal. Without molestation he mounted his horse and left the Town. Alarm was called out and an armed posse of 10 men who followed arrested him at his home. For fear of lynching he was not brought in until last night. At last accounts he was safe in jail. There is much excitement and the jail is heavily guarded.

PEORIA, Ill., May 6.—All doubts as to the fate of Dudley Francis and his two sons, Willie and Louis, aged 13 and 9 years, have been set at rest by the discovery of the bodies near Mossville, where they were supposed to have been drowned. That of the boy William was found first, about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, floating in the brush on the Peoria side of the river, about half a mile above Mossville. The second son, Lewis, was found about noon floating in the channel, face up, about half way between Spering Bay and Mossville. The father was discovered about 6:30 o'clock last evening, also floating face up, near the spot where the body of Lewis was taken out. The two boys were buried in each other's arms, at the Mooney settlement, yesterday afternoon. The father was buried this morning at the same place. The evidence before the Coroner showed that the father was in a partially intoxicated state when he embarked on the excursion which ended so fatally, and to this cause must be attributed his own death and that of his two sons. The drowning occurred on the 24th of April. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict that they came to their deaths by the accidental upsetting of their skiff.

FULTON, Mo., May 6.—Advices from Hatton, a small village in the northwestern part of this County, say Ham Patterson, a negro, was taken from jail Saturday night last and killed by a mob. It appears Patterson and his brother Julius circulated scandalous reports about nearly all the ladies in that neighborhood, which greatly exasperated the men, and some 20 or more reputable citizens took the matter in their own hands with the above result. Julius Patterson is also being sought for, and if found it is said will share the fate of his brother Ham. The negroes in the vicinity are greatly excited, and are said to be making threats of vengeance against the whites.

RICHMOND, Mo., May 6.—The suicide of Charles Ford created quite a stir in the community. He was stopping temporarily at his father's, near Town. Early this afternoon he went to his room and soon after was found lying on the bed with a bullet wound through the heart and a 45-caliber pistol beside him.

There are several theories as to the cause of the suicide. One was remorse of conscience; another, on account of ill-health; a third perhaps, the apprehension that Frank James would soon be at liberty and would take revenge for Jesse's death.

The Coroner's jury found that deceased was an habitual morphine eater. He left no letters. He appeared in his usual spirits this morning.

GATESVILLE, Tex., May 6.—Late last night a mob of 200 armed men approached the County Jail and demanded the Sheriff surrender five horse thieves. The Sheriff had anticipated the visit and placed 20 guards within the jail walls. He positively refused to deliver even one of the men. After much parleying the mob quietly dispersed.

MEMPHIS, May 7.—Wm. D. Hardin, ex-Sheriff of Crittenden County, Ark., was shot and killed yesterday at Marion, near here, by James Murray, the latter being mortally wounded in the melee. Hardin was a desperado, having killed one man before and engaged in several bloody affrays. The difficulty between Hardin and Murray grew out of a law suit.

LATER—Murray died after lingering for six hours. Both dead bodies were brought here this morning for interment.

BLUE SPRINGS, Mo., May 7.—John Gilla, a shoemaker, presumably insane, shot and fatally wounded John Stanley this morning while the latter was passing the shop with his father. The latter, having a shot gun, turned to fire at Gilla, but was prevented by bystanders until Gilla had shot at the crowd once or twice, then he was released and filled Gillas' face full of small shot, putting out both eyes.

ST. LOUIS, May 7.—Dispatches to headquarters here from the physicians at the wreck say that 130 passengers are more or less injured, but all excepting 12 are able to proceed on their journey. The most seriously hurt are as follows:

J. M. Vincent, Buchanan, Mich., sleeping car conductor, paralyzed from fracture of the spine, two scalp wounds, will probably die; Wm. E. Robinson, Silver Lake, Ind., cut on face and head; D. Degardius, Highland, Mich., cut on head; Harry Short, Rochester, Ind., severe cut on head; L. W. Flora, Connellsville, Ind., had cut on head, severely bruised on the back; Miss Emma Walker, West Wahlsboro, Vt., severely hurt in the face; W. T. Briggs, Leola Station, N. Y., two ribs broken and a severe cut on head; J. H. Peck, Cleveland, two ribs broken and otherwise injured; Mrs. S. C. Fountaine, Lisbon, Ind., left shoulder dislocated, chest bruised, cut on head; W. F. Snively, Blair, O., left shoulder dislocated; Mrs. J. B. Pentz, hurt in back; Aaron Short, Rochester, Ind., scalp wounds, badly injured; W. A. Armstrong, Lafayette, Ind., scalp wound, one rib fractured, bruised on back; Mrs. J. F. Wiseman, Warsaw, Ind., arm severely cut, back badly hurt; James Vest, Flint, Mich., severely cut on head and other parts of the body. Those unable to travel were taken to Decatur, where they are being well cared for by the railroad company.

NEW ALBANY, May 8.—Morris T. Forrester, a sort of general free and easy fellow, who has been loafing about the City in idleness for the past year, and Mrs. Henry W. Fawcett, the wife of one of the most reputable and well-to-do citizens and coal dealers, it is alleged, have eloped, and it is supposed have gone to Cincinnati, and will go thence East. Mrs. Fawcett supplying the money for the trip. She left her home in this City Friday, on pretense of going to visit her mother at Peru, Ind., who is seriously ill. Instead of going to Peru, however, she met Forrester at Seymour, and had her baggage, consisting of two heavily loaded trunks, transferred to an M. & O. train for Cincinnati, whither Forrester accompanied her. She leaves a husband who has supplied her with every comfort and luxury, and treated her most affectionately, and a son 14 years old. Her home was one among the most elegant in the City in its furnishings and comforts. Her elopement with so trifling a fellow as Forrester adds to the sensation her escapade has caused in the City. She moved in the best society, and no one ever suspected her intimacy with Forrester.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 7.—Alphonse Leclovitz jumped from the fourth floor of the Clark House, in a fit of insomnia this morning, before the break of day, breaking down telegraph wires in his descent, and was found dead at daylight. He was a fruit packer, and left no family.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 8.—During the trial of the Nihilists, Dubetzki and daughter, the prisoners stabbed themselves, the father fatally, the daughter dangerously.

MT. STERLING, Ky., May 9.—A penitentiary guard in charge of eight convicts whom he was transferring from Frankfort to the prison on the Kentucky Central Railroad, reached here yesterday afternoon and started on foot for the prison. Later, five of the prisoners were met, who said one of the prisoners complaining of his handcuffs hurting him, took advantage of the opportunity to overpower the guard, seized his gun and killed him; then three prisoners escaped; the other five were trying to reach the prison.

FORT WAYNE, May 9.—Jesse Smith, confined in jail at Bluffton, Ind., for complicity in the murder of Amos Bocksesto, near Boone, Ind., April 18, to-day confessed to assisting Fred Richards, who is confined in jail in this City, in the murder as charged. Smith, who is a step-son of Richards, confesses he accompanied Richards and Charles Werst, brother-in-law of Richards, to the house of Bocksesto and stood at the gate to keep a look-out while Richards and Werst entered the house, and Richards fired the shot which killed Bocksesto. Charles Werst was arrested at Decatur this morning.

HAZLEHURST, May 9.—In the trial of E. B. Wheeler for the murder of J. B. Matthews, the testimony showed that R. Scott handed a gun to Wheeler through the back window of the building while the election was being held; that only pleasant salutations passed between Matthews and Wheeler, and when Matthews voted he was shot down.

SALT LAKE, May 10.—Fred Hopt, alias Welcome, three times tried and convicted of murder, was sentenced to be executed June 13. The Utah statute permits persons sentenced to death to choose hanging or shooting. Hopt chose shooting.

FORT SMITH, Ark., May 10.—A bloody tragedy occurred at Hackett City, Thursday evening, in which one man was killed and another mortally wounded. Burk Brown made some disparaging remarks about the sister of John and Albert Belt, and when called to account for it drew a pistol and struck John Belt on the forehead, killing him. Albert Belt then shot Brown, fatally wounding him. All the parties are prominent men in the community. Brown is a Deputy United States Marshal. Albert Belt surrendered to the authorities.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 12.—Yesterday David Pruitt and Edward Howell, two leaders in the sanguinary attack on the Flynns at the Hot Springs, February 9, met in the "Owl" saloon, a place where the recent tragedy took place. Both drew weapons and the music of the "pops" was rapid. David Pruitt was mortally wounded and died in a few hours. Howell was not seriously injured. He is now under arrest. This is the sequel of the notorious vendetta between the Flynn-Horton gambling fraternities that has almost wrecked the business prosperity of Hot Springs the past three months.

NEW YORK, May 13.—Last night Isaac D. Edrehi, a chemist, aged 60, living apart from his wife, visited her at her lodgings and asked her to live with him again. She answered "No,"—thereupon he drew a revolver and fired at her. The bullet struck her in the back, fracturing the spine and causing a wound which will prove fatal. He then shot his little son, killing him instantly. The father fled, but while running he shot himself and fell dead upon the sidewalk.

NEW ORLEANS, May 12.—The arrest of George Bird a day or two ago has led to the arrest of his newly made wife, Augusta Bird, in Algiers, her father Roswell Shepherd, his wife, two sons and a daughter. In their house were found a large lot of watches and jewelry, with a quantity of new coin bearing dates of different years, and a complete set of burglars' tools.

MUNCIE, Ind., May 12.—Joseph Frazier is a well-to-do farmer in Madison County. He has long been in poor health, which confines him to his home and makes him very excitable. Wesley Hupp, a neighbor, a short time ago contracted to build a barn for Frazier. He was warned not to take the contract, as Frazier would pick a quarrel with him. Hupp laughed, and said he would not quarrel. Last night Hupp called at Frazier's house. Finding him sitting on the porch, Hupp pleasantly said, "Good evening; how do you feel?" Whereupon Frazier, without a word, drew a pistol and shot Hupp through the heart. Hupp fell dead, and Frazier was soon after arrested. No cause for the murder is known, as no trouble had existed between them. Intense excitement prevails in the neighborhood.

Minor Mention.

Gen. Norris Halstead was killed at a New Jersey railroad station He founded the astronomical observatory of Princeton College.

Joshua Phillips, for nine years cashier for the Grand Trunk Railway at Fort Erie, left home Friday last. As he did not return his safe was opened and his accounts were discovered to be about $3,000 short.

In a drunken affray at Nimicks Station, Pa., James Moore shot and fatally wounded Mike Hart. The fight originated from a supposed insult offered a woman named Benhardt. Hart died and Moore was lodged in jail. Both single men.

Franklin P. Norris, a young attorney of Concord, N. H., after making an earnest effort to establish himself in business, died of starvation in his office, without divulging his straitened circumstances to his acquaintances. He was formerly a telegraph operator in a Southern State.

At Tideoute, Pa., George Jenne shot and killed Wm. Ellis, whose son, in the pruning of a tree disputing with him about a log chain. Ellis called Jenne opprobious names, whereupon the latter discharged the contents of a shot gun into Ellis' left breast, killing him instantly. Jenne is now in jail.

MRS. Blodgett, tollgatekeeper on the Milwaukee & Watertown plank road, was assaulted by a would-be murderer in her bedroom Sunday morning, and was beaten over the head with an iron rod, receiving injuries likely to prove fatal. A 10-year-old daughter sleeping with her was awakened and saw the assailant. From her description it is supposed to be a man against whom she testified recently, in an arson case.

BUSINESS FAILURES.

Announcement was made in the BLADE last week of the failure of the Marine National Bank, of New York, and of the firm of Grant & Ward, for large amounts, but the full extent of the failures were unknown at that time. The Marine Bank is in the hands of a receiver, but his report has not been made. It is estimated that depositors will be paid 75 cents on the dollar.

Following the failure of Grant & Ward, assignments were made by individual members of the firm, suits were commenced again Ward, and his property seized by the Sheriff. Gen. Grant having turned over his property to W. H. Vanderbilt to secure him for the advance of $150,000, made the day before the failure, Mr. Vanderbilt generously returned the deeds, remarking that Gen. Grant could pay the amount at his pleasure. The amount involved in the failure of Grant & Ward is variously estimated at $5,000,000 to $10,000,000. It appears all the business was left to Ward, who made use of Grant's name in every conceivable way to secure deposits and loans. Sen. Chaffee, father-in-law of U. S. Grant, jr., is a heavy loser. The members of the firm were each to draw $5,000 a month as salary, the profits above that sum to go in as "capital." This appears to have been the extent of the duties performed, except in the case of Ward, who dabbled in all kinds of speculations. The first shock of such sympathy is expressed for Gen. Grant, and a bill has passed the Senate to place him on the retired list with the rank and pay of General.

Officers of the Marine Bank attribute their failure to Grant & Ward, but it is known that the President of the Bank was a speculator in stocks and real estate, and had lost heavily.

Another prominent failure of the week was that of the Northwestern Manufacturing and Car Company, of Stillwater, Minn., of which Sen. Sabin is President. It is an immense concern; the liabilities are not fully known; assets said to be $4,500,000. A receiver has been appointed, and it is hoped the company will be able to resume in a few months. A considerable amount of the stock was held in the East, and more failures are expected to result.

The Methodist Conference.

Most of the time of the Conference this week has been taken up in the discussion of the question of fixing residences of Bishops abroad. The Committee finally reported that they did not consider it wise at present to fix an Episcopal residence in Europe, India, or Africa. Five Bishops will be elected Thursday. A resolution was adopted that color should be no bar to rights or privileges of any office in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Committee on Marriage and Divorce made a lengthy report, containing a stringent resolution on the subject of divorce, and recommending that no "divorce shall be recognized as lawful in the sight of God except for adultery."

Negroes Fleeing from the Floods.

NEW ORLEANS, May 10.—The steamer City of Vicksburg, from New Orleans, arrived at Vicksburg yesterday, bringing from the over-flowed regions of Tensas Parish, in the State of Louisiana, 300 negroes, fleeing from the floods. Capt. Keith says that hundreds of these people are gathered along the dry places of the river banks awaiting boats to carry them out of the reach of the floods. At many places the horses, mules and horned cattle are dying of starvation, or are stung to death by the myriads of Buffalo gnats. It is estimated that 60 per cent. of the lands in Madison Parish and 75 per cent. of Tensas Parish are under water, and there is no hope of making a crop this year.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

GERMANY.

The Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt has contracted a morganatic alliance with Madame De Kalamana, formerly the wife of a Russian Secretary of Legation. The Grand Duke was the intended husband of Princess Beatrice, of England, until the rejection of the bill permitting the marriage of a deceased wife's sister. The Duke's former wife was Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria.

RUSSIA.

During the trial of the Nihilists, Dubetzki and daughter, at St. Petersburg, the prisoners stabbed themselves—the father fatally, the daughter dangerously.

SPAIN.

Gen. Castillo has dispatches from Madrid notifying him that papers were found on the corpse of Lieut. Mango, and on the bodies of eight soldiers slain with him during the late insurrection at Figueras, Spain, notes and clues which establish the fact that the military conspiracies discovered at Badajos, and also more recently at the Village of Carlos, had far-reaching ramifications in the Spanish army in Cuba. These dispatches still more enfeebled Captain General Castillo, who forwarded his resignation by steamer on May 5. Meantime Castillo directs censorship with renewed vigor. Suspected letters, especially from the United States, will be carefully scrutinized.

NOVA SCOTIA.

It is expected to complete the cable from Halifax to Cape Ann within a week.

EGYPT.

The Relief Expedition to Khartoum will start in July. It will probably number 8,000. The main expedition will proceed up the Nile, the others by the Red Sea,

GEN. GORDON.

CAIRO, May 13.—Rumors have reached here that Gen. Gordon left Khartoum recently, and returned in three days, finding escape impossible.

NEW FOUNDLAND.

The "Romano" was sunk by the steamship "Nevada."

TURKEY.

The Turkestan Gazette asserts the Chinese at Kashgar are preventing Russian Mussulmen from trading in the towns of Eastern Turkestan except Kashgar. This is in violation of the treaty with Russia.——The American squadron has arrived at Terredos. Admiral Baldwin, the Commander, telegraphed Minister Wallace of his intention to go to Constantinople. Assym Pasha, Minnister of State, informed Wallace that irades permit the Porte to stop American ships at the Dardanelles, as America did not sign the treaty of Paris, which regards the Dardanelles as a free sea.

ENGLAND.

Judah P. Benjamin, ex-Attorney General of the Southern Confederacy, died in London.——By an explosion of dynamite at Noble's factory, London, two women were killed.——Offers of funds to bribe natives so secure Gordon's escape are refused.——A London peddler, who feigned to be deaf and dumb, died in London. Before dying informed one of the hospital attendants that he was a Swiss gentleman of fortune, who had purposely exiled himself from home. Investigation tends to confirm the truth of his story.

Loss of the "State of Florida."

The steamship "State of Florida" sunk by collision with a bark in mid-ocean. Of 167 persons on board, only 44 were saved, and of the bark's crew only the Captain and two seamen were saved. The "Florida" left New York April 12 with 167 passengers and a general cargo. On the night of the 18th it collided with the bark "Poema." Both ships went down almost immediately, and only the number mentioned above were saved. The next morning the bark was observed bottom up. The survivors, after being 35 hours in the water, were rescued by the Norwegian bark "Theresa." On the 22nd 24 of them were transferred on board the ship "Louisa," where they remained until May 5, when they were taken on board the "Thanis" for Quebec. One hundred and thirty-five lives were lost. The disaster occurred about 120 miles off the Irish coast.

The "Theresa" with survivors arrived at Quebec Monday. Capt. Heyburn, of the "Ponema," makes the first statement coming from that vessel's crew. He says he can give no information as to the cause of the accident. He retired half an hour before the collision, which knocked him out of bed. Three minutes afterwards he found himself in the sea without the ship. All hands were washed off while trying to lower the boats. Capt. Munro, of the steamer "City of Rome," states: "On April 24, while passing six sailing vessels, almost becalmed, within two or three miles of each other, a full rigged ship was observed two or three miles off displaying signals interpreted to be "shipwrecked crew State——" but no urgency signal was displayed, or if displayed was not seen, nor was the name or nationality of the ship given. Had the signal of distress of urgency been seen, it would have had immediate attention. As the day was calm, the signals, drooping, were difficult to make out, but it would have been easy for the vessel to put out a boat to intercept the City of Rome. Not until after my arrival in Liverpool, hearing of a State line steamer overdue, the incident became connected in my mind with these indistinct signals, when I at once reported my conjecture.

Statesmen Wrestling with the Gambling Question.

WASHINGTON, May 12.—The House considered the bill relating to police regulations in the District of Columbia. The sections prohibiting the sale of lottery tickets gave rise to some discussion, Brown, of Indiana, characterizing the Louisiana State Lottery as the colossal swindle of the age. He was informed the clerks in one of the Government Departments expended $10,000 monthly in lottery tickets. The Louisiana Lottery Company defied the courts, departments, and public opinion, but it should not be allowed to defy Congress.

Belford denied the right of Congress to prohibit an individual from spending his money as he saw fit. Did the gentleman from Indiana think Congress should prevent five or six respectable gentleman from sitting down to a game of poker? He did not want any of this Puritanical kind of legislation. The whole thing was a humbug. When the House got through with this bill he would move to strike out the enacting clause, and commit the morality of the Nation to the care of the State of Indiana, as its political virtues had been committed to the State of Ohio.

Weller, while expressing opposition to all games of chance, from pitching pennies to gambling in breadstuffs, did not regard the Louisiana State Lottery as the colossal swindle of the age, but thought that title more applicable to the National Bank system.

Skinner, of New York, offered an amendment repealing all laws requiring commercial travelers to pay a license tax to the District of Columbia. The amendment was adopted, and the bill passed.

Condition of the Wheat Crop.

CINCINNATI, May 8.—The Price Current publishes a very comprehensive statement of the condition of crops, collected for special investigation: Condition of Winter wheat—Ohio 97, Indiana 90, Illinois 75, Missouri 100, Kansas 100, Michigan 90, Kentucky 95, Tennessee 100, West Virginia 95. Average condition of the entire Winter crop 96, against 82 a year ago. The season is backward, but the growth is now progressing favorably. Spring seeding is nearly completed in Dakota and Northern Minnesota under favorable conditions, and further South has had a promising start in growth. The area is somewhat increased. Reduced to bushels, the Price Current estimates the Winter crop at 550,000,000 bushels, against a production of 294,000,000 last year. The Spring growth outlook is 135,000,000 bushels, against 125,600,600 last year.

An Eccentric Old Fireman.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 9.—Elihu H. Grover, who celebrated lately the 81st anniversary of his birthday, is the oldest fireman in Rochester. His father was killed in the war of 1812, and he came here in 1814, when the Village had 250 inhabitants. He was at the first fire which occurred here. It was in the Village grist mill, and young Grover assisted to quench the flames with buckets of water. His certificate of exemption is dated May 20, 1836. He never saw New York City nor Niagara Falls, never rode on a steamboat, and was never in a theater. He remembers the first Fourth of July celebration, at which evergreen bowers were set up and roast pig was publicly served. The veteran fireman never drank liquor nor smoked tobacco.

Trouble in Indian Territory.

ST. LOUIS, May 12.—Late advices from Indian Territory are to the effect that trouble is brewing among the full blood Choctaws, in consequence of a law recently enacted by the National Council, under which all criminals are removed to the consolidated Court remote from the point where the crimes were committed. It is alleged n there is secret society of full blood Choctaws, members of which are sworn to protect each other, and they are bitterly opposed to the new law. An outbreak among them is feared, and the Choctaw militia have been called out and stationed at different points to meet such emergency.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

A Mormon missionary has been condemned to a month's imprisonment at Vienna.

Brig. Gen. Stanley, has arrived at San Antonio and resumed command of the department of Texas.

For the sixth successive year Marseilles, Ill., voted "no license" Monday, and the temperance phalanx grows in numbers.

Wade Hampton and "Hanaburg" Butler are opposed to Tilden because of alleged coldness of the latter to their claims in 1876.

J. D. Porter, of Monmouth, Ill., has within a week lost several shorthorn calves from spotted fever, the animals frothing at the mouth and dying in great agony.

The Railroad Commissioners of the Massachusetts Legislature unanimously reported adversely on allowing telephone or telegraph companies the right to use land along railroads for erecting lines of wire.

T. H. Hodgson, formerly a heavy produce operator in Montreal, who failed for $500,000 a year ago, has returned to that City to settle with his only remaining creditors, two of the City banks.

The Associated Pioneers of California have prepared a memorial urging Congress to pass the bill now before the Senate advancing the rank of Gen. Fremont to that of Major-General, and placing him on the retired list.

Kate Bryant, of Rockford, Ill., has secured $2,000 damages for slander against a farmer named Charles H. Marsh. She and her sister left his employ, and he sent postal-cards wherever they went denouncing them as thieves.

The Colorado Seed Crushers' Convention elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: J. W. Allison, Jackson, Tenn., President; E. Erquhardt, Pine Bluff, Vice President; Jos. H. Duggar, New Orleans, Secretary and Treasurer.

A letter from the Coeur d'Alene mining region declares that the people are leaving there faster than they entered; that the region is a big sell, and that most of the claims were salted, the fine specimens coming from San Francisco.

At a meeting of the Senate Committee on Finance, an agreement was reached that the trade dollar bill should be reported adversely, Sen. Sherman will draw up the adverse report, which will be passed upon by the Committee next week.

Chicago detectives recently learned that Joe Colomb, the leader of a gang of burglars, would arrive by a Lake Shore train in a huge trunk. The baggage came promptly on time, and was consigned to a brother of the crook, on Wentworth avenue. The officers followed it to its destination, where they broke the lock and took out their man.

Charles F. Ritchel, of Bridgeport, who tried to invent a flying machine, will get $100,000 to perfect the invention with from the estate of Maxwell, a millionaire brewer at Milwaukee, who left $500,000 for experiments in aerial navigation, one-fifth of it being specified as for Ritchel's machine. Ritchel will begin experiments on a large scale.

Fitzgerald gets for his six-day walk $8,480; Rowell, $3,280; Panchot, $1,790; Noremac, $1,050; Herty, $750; Vint, $600; and Elson, $450. The score of Fitzgerald was 610 miles; that of Rowell 602. In April, 1880, Frank H. Hart made 565 miles; in November, 1880, Rowell, 566; in January, 1881, John Hughes, 568; in May, 1881, R. Vint, 578; in December, 1881, Fitzgerald, 583; in March, 1882, Hazael, 600 miles.

The iron-clad oath which was provided for at the outbreak of the war, and has never been repealed, although numerous attempts have been made to strike it from the statute books, has at last been abolished. The House has concurred in the bill which passed the Senate some time ago for this purpose, and it only needs the signature of the President to become a law. The oath has always been administered in Congress and in Courts to persons who did not take part in the rebellion, while those who did have taken what is known as the modified oath.

The May returns of the Department of Agriculture make the wheat average 94, against 83½ in 1883. Barring changes of future Winter wheat, a product of 350,000,000 bushels is indicated. Ohio's average is 85, Michigan 85, Indiana 85. Rye promises as well as wheat, with a general average of 96. Barley has a general average of 101. Meadows and pastures are generally promising. Few reports of injury by the fly have been received, but the aggregate loss by insects will be trivial. The progress of cotton planting has been delayed everywhere by the low temperature.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
WEDNESDAY, May 14, 1884.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is easy at 2½@3 ₩ cent. Prime mercantile paper, 4@5½ ₩ cent. Bar silver, 111¾. Sterling Exchange steady at $4.83¾@4.87 for long and $4.88¾@4.89 for short. Government Bonds lower for 4s. State securities—Missouri Pacifics of '80 sold at 106¾. Railways lower. Stocks—The market is stronger, and nearly all active shares command a premium. As high as $50 per day were paid for the use of 100 shares of stock. There was also a marked difference between second and regular, showing the fact that many holders informed brokers they would not lend stocks under any circumstances.

Government Bonds—3s, registered, 100¼; 4½s, 112¾; 4s, 122¾; Pacific 6s, 95, 129.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	May 13.	May 6.
4½'s coupons	112¾	113¼
4's coupons	122¾	123¼
3's registered	100¼	100¼
Pac. 6's, '95	129	129

TRADE.

The general trade of the country during the past week shows no improvement as compared with the previous week. The failures of Grant & Ward, bankers, of New York, and the Northwestern Manufacturing and Car Company, Stillwater, Minn., had a disquieting effect, but nothing like panic has resulted.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week, No 2 Red wheat was worth 100¼c in this market; on Wednesday it went up to 102¾c; on Thursday and Friday it noted 102¾c; on Saturday it was worth, nominally, 104c, and on Monday it would not have brought more than 98c, exhibiting a decline for the week of 2¾c.

Within the past week there were frequent fluctuations in the wheat markets of the United States, but the tendency was strongly downward in transactions for future delivery. The decrease in the visible supply of grain was quite marked, but this did not tend to stimulate prices. For June and July delivery trade reached large proportions, but at no time was there a sharp check upon the downward movement. The failure of Grant & Ward no doubt had a certain weakening influence upon the wheat markets, and the later announcement that the Northwestern Manufacturing and Car Company, of which D. M. Sabin is President, had failed, caused a nervous feeling, which exhibited itself in a sharp decline. While in fact the failure named should not have depressed the wheat markets, trade in wheat usually shows sympathy with a shock in any other department of business, if of any considerable dimensions. Aside from the showing of a decrease in the visible supply of grain, there has been nothing in the situation within the week just closed to cause an upward turn in the market. Reports from every direction are favorable for a large harvest of Winter wheat, and under the influence of fine growing weather the Spring wheat promises to make rapid headway in growth. Growing crops in Europe are in a vigorous condition. From India reports are conflicting; injury is claimed to have been done in certain parts, but on the whole there is nothing serious to be anticipated. Much uncertainty surrounds the future course of the wheat markets. Some dealers are of opinion that the lowest point has been touched, but there is at present considerable nervousness, which would be increased by additional large failures. If confidence is restored within the week, dealers may take hold for a rise, but, as things now are, the business horizon is scanned very closely. Corn, during the week, sold freely for future delivery, but closed weak.

FAC-SIMILE QUARTER SIZE.

Guaranteed to give Satisfaction.

Largest in the Market. Sold by Druggists

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange there was a less volume of business transacted than at yesterday's noon session in Cash Wheat, but prices were higher.

Sales No 2 Red Wheat to-day.....10,500
" " " yesterday.....15,000

No 2 Red Wabash Wheat, 98c; No 2 Red Wabash soft, 104@105c, outside to close, 2c higher; No 2 soft Lake Shore Red Wheat, 106½c; No 3 Red Wheat, 88½c; No 3 Red Narrow Gage, 86c.

White Wheat—Sale No 3 Wabash at 88¼c.

For future delivery the market for No 2 Red Wheat was liberally patronized. Prices were irregular but higher, closing steady.

	May	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.
	bu	bu	bu	bu.	bu.
Sales to-day.....	140,000	99,000	81,000	....	....
Sales Saturday.	10,000	125,000	39,000	46,000	....

Seller June opened at 97c and closed at 97¾c, ¾c advance; seller July, 97c; touched 97¾c, and closed at 97¼c, 1½c improved; seller August, 95 @2 1-16c, stronger price to close, ¾c up.

Cash Corn—Light market. Prices steady.

Sales Cash Corn to-day.....1,500 bu
" " yesterday.....9,000 bu

New High-mixed Corn, 56c; Rejected Corn, Narrow Gage, 57c; No Grade Corn, 53c.

For future delivery No 2 Corn sold freely. Prices higher.

Sales to-day.....115,000 bu
Sales yesterday.....71,000 bu

Seller May, 55c; then 57½c, less price to close, no change; seller June, 58c; seller July, 59½c, 1¼c advance.

Oats—Sales 7,200 bushels No 2, in lots, at 35¼c.

Clover Seed—No sales.

General Produce.

CINCINNATI, May 13—Flour quiet and unchanged. Wheat firmer at 107@108c. Corn firm; No 2 mixed, 58½c. Oats steady at 37c. Rye firm at 71c. No 2 ——. Barley quiet and unchanged; extra No 3 Fall, —c. Provisions firm and not quotably higher. Whisky quiet at 111c.

MILWAUKEE, May 13—Wheat weak; 90c for No 2; 90¾c May; 91¾c June; 83¾c July; receipts, 33,000 bu; shipments, 4,000 bu. Corn neglected; No 2, 54c; rejected, —c. Oats quiet at 35c for No 2, delivered; —c for white. Rye inactive at 66c for No 1; —c bid for No 2. Barley stronger at 70c for No 2; —c for extra No 3; receipts, 10,000 bu; shipments, 3,500 bu.

CHICAGO, May 13—Wheat receded after having sold to 93¾c for July, but closed 9c higher than yesterday; wheat closed at 89c for May; 91¾c June; 99¾c July; 90c August. Corn steady; 53¾c May; 57c June; 58½c July; —c August. Oats—35¼c May; 33½c June; 34½c July. Rye at 62c. Barley at 92c. Flax seed, 170c. Whisky at 113c. Pork—$17 47½ June; $17 60 July; $17 67½ August. Lard—$—— May; $8 42½ June; $8 52½ July; $8 60 August.

ST. LOUIS, May 13—Flour—unchanged. Wheat opened higher and active, but unsettled, and closed weak. No 2 Red, 1.3c, cash; 113c bid May; 110½@110¾c June; 99¾@99¾c, closing at 96½c for July; 92¼c, nominal, August; 91¾@95c, closing at 91¾c bid for the year. Corn higher and inactive, but closed easier; 52@54½c cash; —c May; 52¾@52¾c June; 53¾c July; 54¾@54¾c, closing at 54¾c August; 49½c year. Oats lower; 31¾@32¾c cash; 33¼c May; 33¼@33½c June. Rye quiet at 59¼c bid. Barley quiet at 60@80c.

NEW YORK, May 13.—Flour—Receipts, 20,700 bbls; sales, 8,000 bbls; market dull. Wheat—Receipts, 29,300 bu; market ¾@¾c lower; recovered the decline nnc advanced ½@1c; moderate speculative business, mainly in July; No 1 White, nominal; sales, 468,000 bu No 2 Red, June, 103¾@104½c; 976,000 bu do July, 104 @105¾c; 120,000 bu August, 103@104c; 80,000 do September, 103½@104¾. Corn—Receipts, 17,000 bu; market ¾@1¾c higher; mixed western, spot, 58@65c; futures, 63@66½c; sales, 634,000 bu. Oats—Receipts, 36,100 bu; market ¼@¾c highe; State, 40@46c; western at 38@46c; sales, 40,000 bu. Beef unchanged; new extra mess, $12@12 50. Pork firm; spot new mess, $18 50; old, $17. Lard higher; steam rendered at $8 03½. Butter dull; western at 26@27c; Elgin creamery, 26@27c. Cheese dull at 2@14½c. Sugar dull. Molasses unchanged. Petroleum steady. Rice firm. Coffee dull. Freights steady. Turpentine quiet at 53c. Rosin steady at $1 42½@1 45. Tallow steady at 6 13-16c for western. Eggs steady at 15¾@16½c.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, May 12—Hogs—Market steady; common and light, $4 25@5 60; packing and butchers, $5 25@5 60. Receipts, 3,700 head; shipments, 1,100 head.

PHILADELPHIA, May 12—Cattle—Receipts, 8,400 head; market active; prime, $6 75@7 00; good, $6 25@6 50; medium $5 75@6 00; common, $5 00@5 50.

Sheep—Receipts, 6,000 head; market active; wool sheep, $4 00@8 00; sheared sheep, $4 00@6 75; spring lambs, $8 00@7 00.

Hogs—Receipts, 4,500 head; market active; western stock at $5@5 80.

EAST LIBERTY, May 12—Cattle—Market 15@20c higher; receipts, 1,000 head; shipments 800 head.

Hogs—Market active and firm; receipts, 5,200 head; shipments, 2,875 head, Philadelphias, $6@6 10; Yorkers, $5 70@5 85.

Sheep—Market firm and unchanged; receipts, 46,000 head; shipments, 1,800 head.

CHICAGO, May 12—Receipts, 19,000 head; shipments, 705 head; market weak and 5@10c lower; rough packing, $5 30@5 65; packing and shipping, $5 70@6 15; light, $5 20@5 85; skips, $4 00@5 00.

CATTLE—Receipts, 530 head; shipments, 700 head; market brisk and firmer; exports, $6 40 @6 75; good to choice shipping, $5 95@6 30; common to medium, $5 60@6 00; corn fed Texans, $——; grass fed do, $4 25@5.

Sheep—Receipts, 1,600 head; shipments, —— head; market active and stronger; wooled inferior to fair, $4 75@5 25 per cwt; medium to good